How we retired in 15 years with $250 a month

"WISH you could see the modern one-floor house Mary and I have out here near the beach. Lucky? I'm just past 55, but I'm retired with $250 a month for life.

"I took my first step off the treadmill on my fortieth birthday. It was March, 1936, only 15 years ago.

"Late that evening, lying in bed reading, Mary glanced across and said, 'Forty is a kind of look-ahead point, isn't it? But you're doing awfully well, Jim.'

"I was. I earned a good income. But Mary started me thinking. Looking ahead, what did I want? I'd never make a million. I wanted most of all to know *I wouldn't have to go on working always*. That someday I could retire—and still live comfortably.

"That's what I was thinking as I leafed through a magazine. And that's what made me stop to read an ad for the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.

"It was written 'To Men of 40 Who'd Like to Retire at 55.' And it told how a man of moderate means could retire with a life income. I thought, *What harm in looking into it?* So I clipped the coupon.

"Soon after, I qualified for my Phoenix Mutual Plan. Today, only fifteen years later, it's paying *us*. With $250 a month for life, we can do as we please. The secret? There's just one! Start in time!"

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. Assuming you start at [illegible] enough age, you can plan to have come of $10 to $250 or more—begin age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the co and receive, by mail and without ch a booklet which tells about Phoenix tual Plans. Similar plans available men. Don't delay. Send for your co

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Please send me, witho tion, the booklet checke retirement income plar Plan for Men ☐

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Date of Birth____

Business Address

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1851 1951

100th ANNIVERSARY YEAR

PHOENIX MUTUAL

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1 cup RIVER BRAND or CAROLINA BRAND RICE, 1 tsp. salt, 1½ cups cold water. Wash thoroughly and place in 3 qt. pot with tight fitting cover. Place over moderate heat and bring to vigorous boil. When steam and foam begin to escape, turn heat low as possible and cook rice until tender—about 20 minutes. All water should be absorbed. Keep in warm place until ready to serve. Serves 5 to 6.

This tested recipe and 6 others on every package of River Brand and Carolina Brand Rice . . . products of

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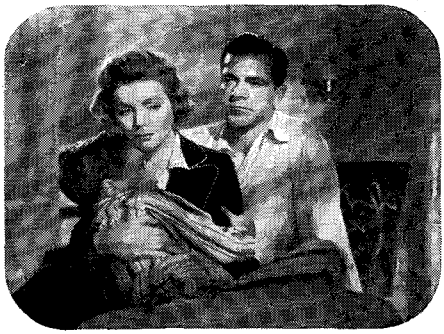
Coronet *Recommends . . .*

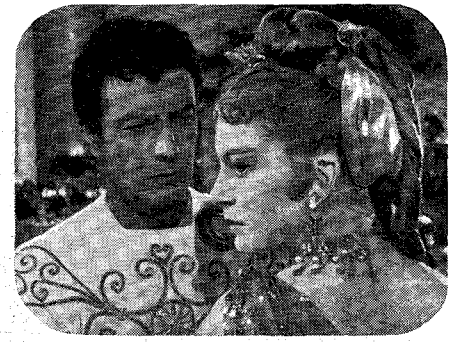
TEN TALL MEN

REPLETE WITH ACTION, romance, Technicolor-enhanced desert beauty, and a sly, tongue-in-cheek approach to the adventures and amours of the French Foreign Legion, Columbia's story of a hard-boiled, hard-fighting band of legionnaires is pure and rousing entertainment. With Burt Lancaster, one of Hollywood's leading exponents of derring-do, to show the way in love and war, *Ten Tall Men* rarely pauses to catch a breath.



I WANT YOU

THE PRODUCING combination that gave America its most memorable postwar drama, *The Best Years of Our Lives*—R-K-O-Radio and Samuel Goldwyn—follows with a story as modern as today's headlines. Facing up to the dilemma of veterans and draft-age youngsters, this film, directed by a sensitive craftsman, Mark Robson, and starring Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire, and Farley Granger, is one of the year's best.



QUO VADIS

FILMED IN THE CITY W[illegible] tianity won its most [illegible] struggle for survival, *Quo Va[illegible]* comes to the screen as one of th[illegible] greatest film spectacles of all time. The story, originally told in an all-time best seller, is set in the Rome of Emperor Nero. With stars Robert Taylor and Deborah Kerr cast as young lovers dedicated to the greatest crusade, M-G-M has produced one of the year's most memorable motion pictures.

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Every man who has flown an experimental jet plane has looked death in the eye.

They Deal in DANGER

FROM THE BEGINNING of recorded history and in every part of the civilized world, there has been a close-knit fraternity of men who, spurning every commonplace pursuit, have dedicated themselves to a life of danger and daring. They are a breed apart. They thrilled us by going over Niagara in a barrel, by discovering the North Pole, by flying around the world. We read about them daring death to set new altitude records in the sky, or plodding along murky ocean bottoms, seeking treasure in a strange and sometimes-terrifying unknown.

What goads them? What are the rewards, tangible or otherwise, which spur men such as these to risk their lives in pursuit of their daily bread?

The answers, of course, are legion and must be found in the heart of each individual. Obviously, many do it for money, which is usually forthcoming in direct proportion to the degree of peril involved. Others do it in a determined effort to push back the frontiers of knowledge a little farther. But in every man who ever risked his life in a hazardous job, there has been an element of the wonder, the craving for adventure inherent in the answer of mountain-climber George Leigh-Mallory when he was asked why he wanted to scale unconquered Mount Everest.

"Because it is there," he said with profound simplicity, and then vanished into the snow-mist that shrouded its forbidden peak, never to be seen again.

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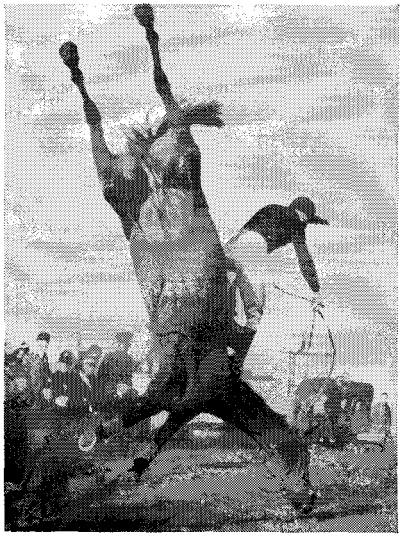
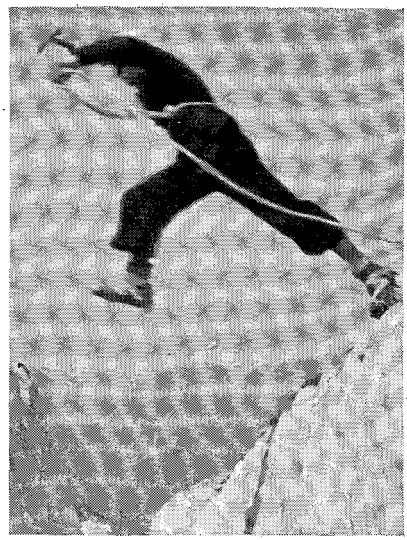
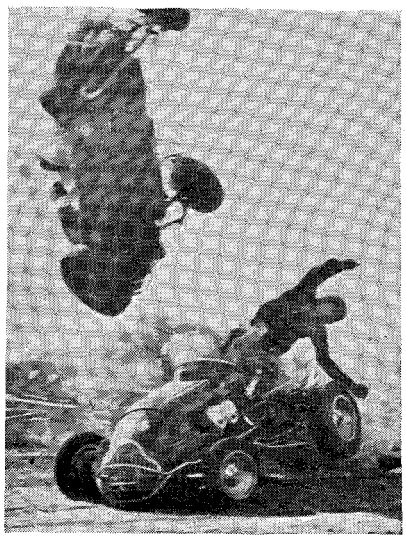


Just crossing the finish line in a steeplechase is a feat of daring. The most dangerous part of all is the hidden water jump.



No mountain climber can know when a crevasse will swallow him up, or an avalanche will bury him with tons of rock.

The safety net below is no guarantee for the high-wire artist. It takes a perfect fall for him to climb out without help.



The iron nerves guiding his hand on the wheel are all that stand between a midget-car racer and sudden, violent death.

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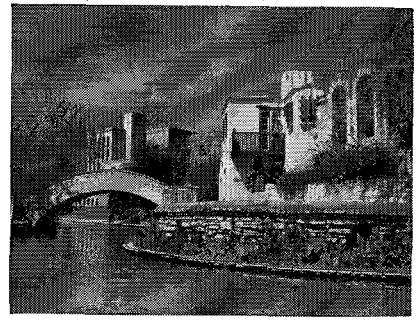
Going Away in December?

Quebec: On a plain above the majestic St. Lawrence, Frenchmen and Englishmen once clashed for New World supremacy. In the old city nearby, both have left their imprint. Quebec's flavor of France is unique in North America. And, on Christmas Eve, famed Château Frontenac resounds to the caroling and medieval pageantry of Merry England.



San Antonio: *Los Pastores*, a gaily colored folk play, keys the glitter of Christmas in San Antonio. The modern city is best expressed in the Arneson River Theater, where a graceful stream separates stage and seats. And, from the Alamo to San José Mission, the city that has lived under five flags abounds in the history of the Southwest.

Cuba: The Pearl of the Antilles is little more than a single air hour from the U.S., with an imposing array of sights-to-see and things-to-do. On both sides of the laurel-lined Parque Central are the chic night clubs and hotels that make Havana a truly sophisticated city. Not far away are the towers of Morro Castle, historic reminder of Cuba's past.

Vermont: Towering Mt. Mansfield, deep in the heart of the Green Mountains, is the hub of the East's most exciting winter-sports center. Trails criss-cross slopes of crystal snow; precipitous jumps test the most daring skiers. Sleigh riding, tobogganing, and hiking across the famous Long Trail to Canada make Vermont a true winter wonderland.

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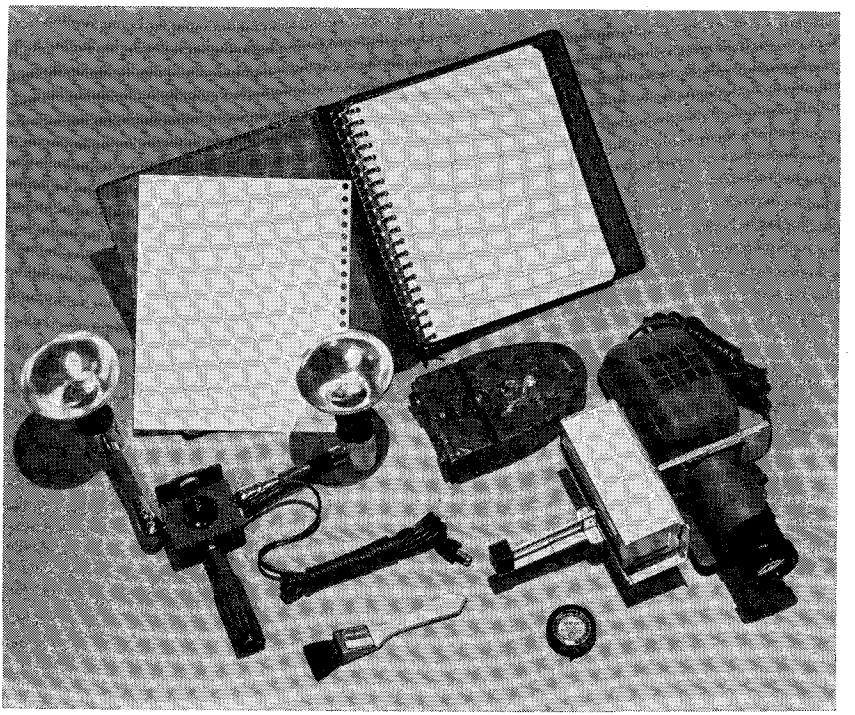

what is new in

PHOTOGRAPHY

Here's a Christmas garland of photo accessories to capture the holiday scene.

USED WITH A TRIPOD or fastened to the camera, the midget light unit helps to make home movies fun. It folds into a tiny space, and the powerful miniature lamps furnish wide illumination.

IF YOU'VE ALWAYS wanted to keep odd-sized snapshots and enlargements, here is the perfect album. Loose-leafed pages to hold any size photo up to 8x10 in transparent pockets can be bought as needed. Blank pages are available for clippings or travel folders.

STEREOSCOPIC CAMERAS are back, and with them are viewers. The one shown here has its own battery-powered light, and makes the three-dimensional pictures seem excitingly real.

THE MAN WHO MAKES his own enlargements will appreciate the brush which removes dust from negatives safely by means of radioactive materials.

THERE'S NO NEED to sort slides before and after the big show in the living room with this automatic changer. Slides can be shown in any order, and chosen from the index on the magazine.

FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHY FAN with the bellows camera, there is now a black, plastic-backed tape which stretches. It covers cracks or prevents worn spots from becoming torn.

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New

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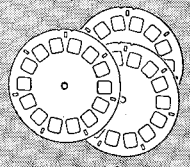

VIEW-MASTER REELS 35c each 3 for $1.00

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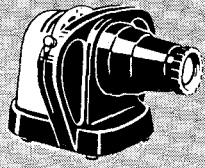
Cowboys	Canada	Mexico
Sam Sawyer Adventures	South America	Asia
Adventures of Tarzan	Italy	Africa
		Ireland



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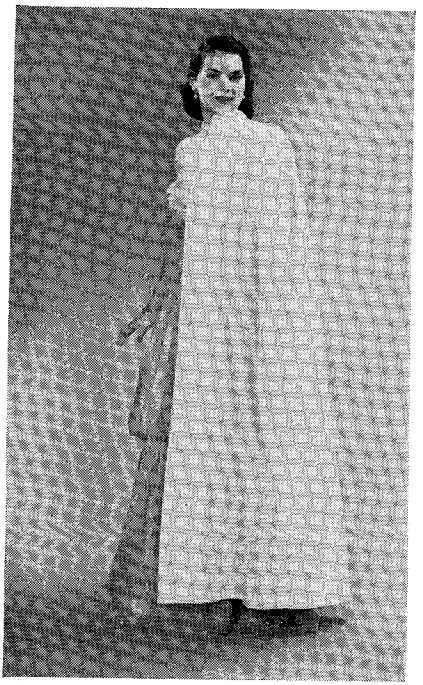
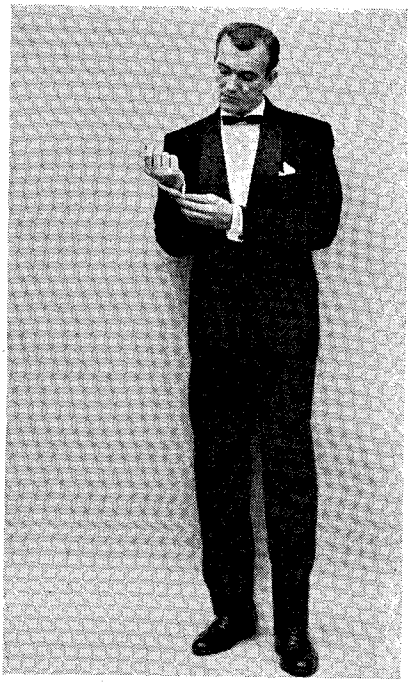


Winter white is a glamorous cover-up



For all-year wear, a lightweight tuxedo

FOR PARTIES ONLY

Formula for parties—pastels and lace

WHAT BETTER WAY of saying "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" than giving or going to a party? And what better excuse (as if any were needed) for getting dressed up?

The full-length wrap in white makes any formal spectacular. In washable, crush-resistant spun rayon which looks and feels like wool, it has a shirred back and military shoulders.

Comfort and style combine in the new tuxedo which is cut to follow natural lines. Even the shirt, of piqué with a soft pleated front, is easy to wear.

Like their parents, little girls enjoy wearing their party best. This one is ready for Christmas dinner in a moiré patterned dress trimmed with lace.

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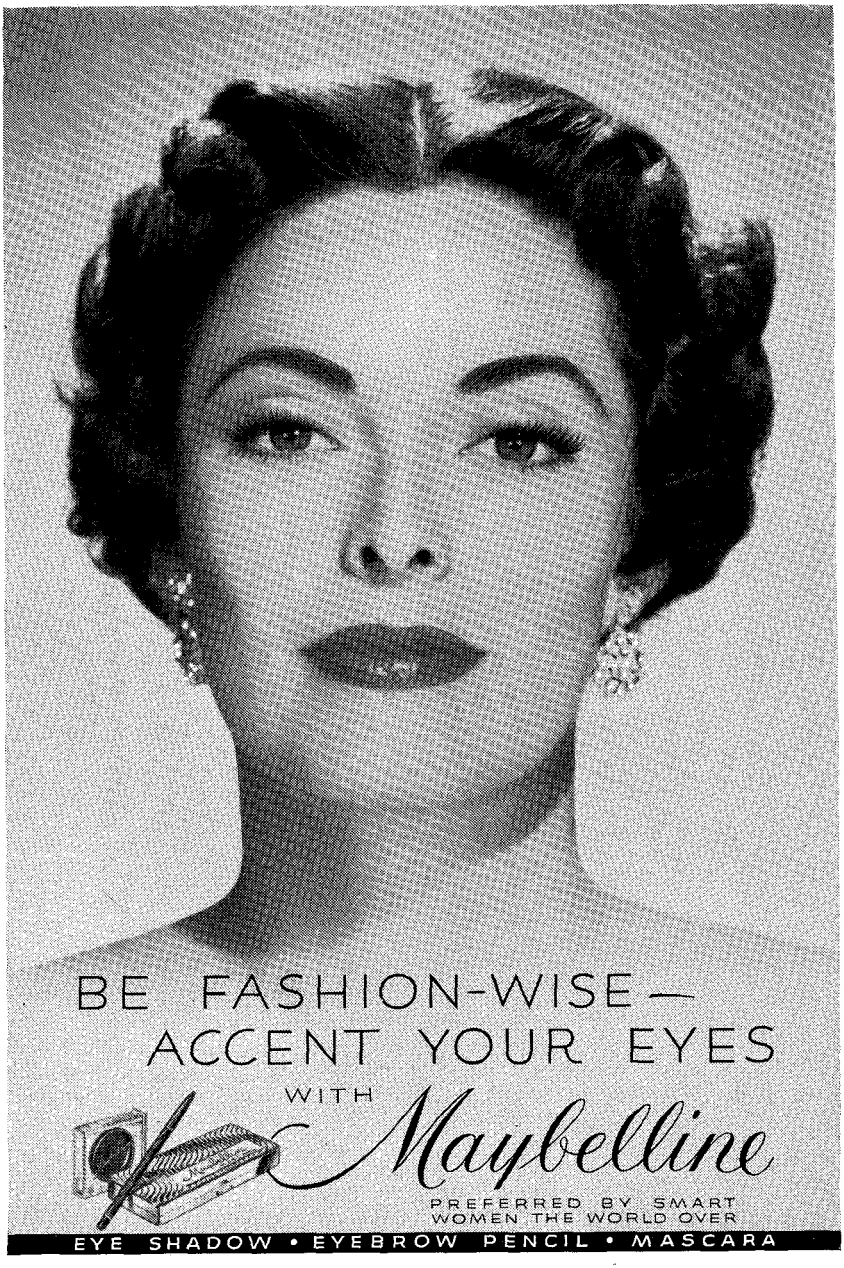

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Encore-demanding applause greets Shirley Booth's singing of *Love Is the Reason.*

SHOW STOPPER

A BROADWAY PRODUCER, summing up Shirley Booth's slow, painful ascent to stardom, once said: "The trouble was, Shirley did it the hard way. She had nothing but talent." Not until her recent performance as Lola in *Come Back, Little Sheba* swept every Broadway theatrical award did theatergoers finally recognize Shirley Booth's distinguished talent. Yet her co-workers have been in awe of it for 25 years. Now, as the rowdy, incredibly romantic Cissy of *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,* Shirley is a nightly show stopper with songs and wistful reminiscences of past boy friends —all named Harry—because she never acts, she *is.* Betty Smith, author of the book and co-author of the play, says, "Shirley Booth knows more about Cissy than I ever did."

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"Love is the reason you were born;
Love was the gleam in poppa's eye.
People suddenly meet. . .

"People suddenly fit;
People suddenly hit.
And brother! That's it!

"Love is a kick right in the pants;
Love is the aspirin you buy.
If you're flappin' your fins . . .

"If you're climbin' a wall,
There must be a reason for it all:
Love is the reason for it all!"*

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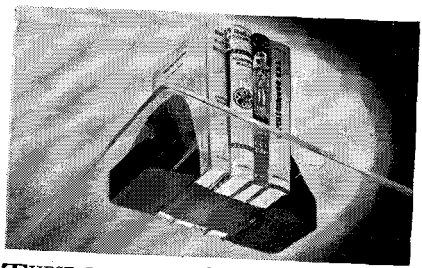
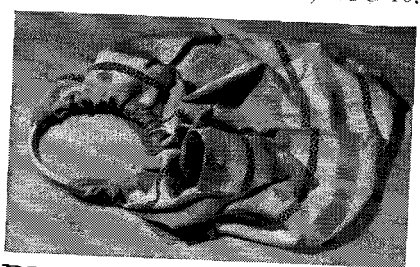
Coronet's Family Shopper



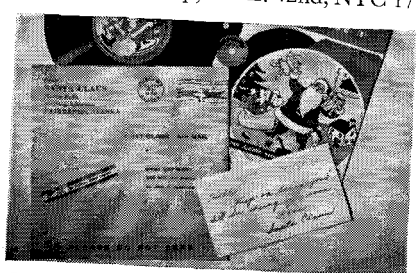
THESE BOOK ENDS hold anything from telephone books to pamphlets. When a book is removed, the hidden tape closes the space. $5.10. Lordell Corp., 219 W. Chicago, Chicago 10.

TARTAN COVERS enclose name and address stickers and a small pad. Give name, address, and initials for cover monogram. $3. Haig Giftware, PO Box 88, Madison Square Station, NYC 10.

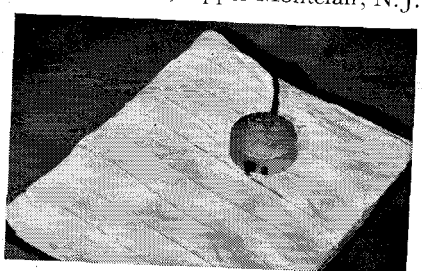
FOR THE PIPE SMOKER who never has cleaners handy, here's the perfect pouch. Five cleaners fit on the flap, and the Vinylite pocket opens wide. $1.16. Oxford Pipe Shop, 142 E. 42nd, NYC 17.



PERFECT FOR holiday hostessing is this hand-woven, clip-on apron. Gray with black and gold thread, it goes from kitchen to living room. $5.95. Holiday House, Upper Montclair, N.J.



SANTA CLAUS himself mails this unbreakable record telling of his workshop party from Fairbanks, Alaska, to the child of your choice. $1. B.C. Moses, 3019 Prospect Ave., Houston 4, Texas.



AN ELECTRIC SHEET does the job of an electric blanket at a lower initial outlay. In white, maize, pink or blue, this one is washable and warm. $24.95. F. & R. Lazarus Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Merchandise shown on this page may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Editorial prices (subject to change) are complete except those starred (*) which are shipped F.O.B.

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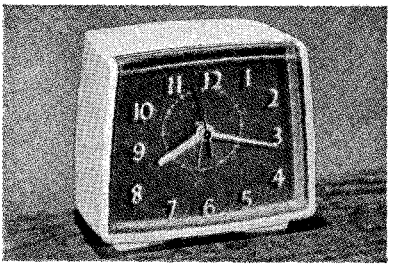
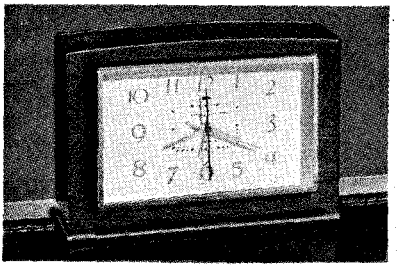
ARE YOU UP A TREE ABOUT CHRISTMAS GIFTS?

General Electric Clocks are distinctive and thoughtful gifts—and most are priced at less than ten dollars. Always welcome, too, for no one ever has too many *good* clocks.

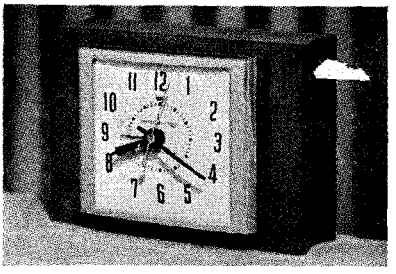
G-E Clocks have all these wonderful features: 1. No winding. 2. Quiet. 3. Dependable. 4. Accurate. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.



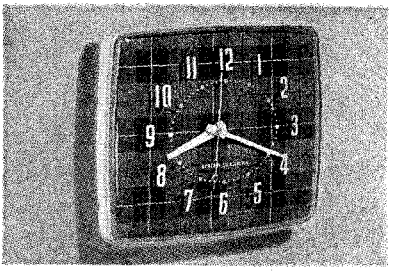
CUE. A new alarm with distinctive brown textured dial and contrasting white numerals and hands. Crystal is *shatterproof.*



CANDLEWICK de luxe alarm. Mahogany case with brass-colored base. Raised, polished brass-colored numerals. Melodious bell alarm.



REPEATER. The *different* G-E alarm you set just once, and forget. It wakes you at the same time every morning without resetting.



CLANSMAN. The new kitchen clock with all the glamour of colorful plaids! Available in red, green, blue, or yellow.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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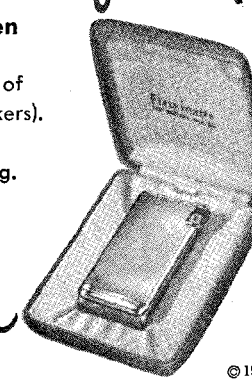
6 Months of Lights without refueling*

By the makers of the famous Parker "51" Pen

The wickless Parker Flaminaire lighter gives *half a year* of odorless lights without refueling (*even for pack-a-day smokers).

Don't confuse with other gas lighters. *Only* the Parker Flaminaire gives up to 3700 lights without refueling. In chrome or color. $12.50 in smart gift case.

At fine dealers everywhere.



Parker FLAMINAIRE Lighter

MADE BY THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, U. S. A.

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Coronet Vol. 31, No. 2. December, 1951
The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

THE BOWERY SEES A Christmas Miracle

In a little crowd of lost men, faith is reborn . . .

by **WILLIAM FARNUM**
as told to Don Stanford

I AM 75 YEARS OLD NOW, and have been privileged to live a life filled with strange and wonderful events. Some of the things that have happened to me, and that have left me humbly sure of the workings of a Mysterious Power, are far too incredible to be used as fiction. But the strangest and most wonderful thing that ever happened to me came on a Christmas more than 30 years ago.

I was flying pretty high in those days. The movies had come into their own, and I was a star. I had made *The Spoilers* and *Sign of the Cross*, and I had known the heady triumph of seeing people standing at box offices all over the nation, beneath my name in lights. At

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Christmas time I had come to New York to play the final scenes of my third motion picture, *The Redemption of David Corson.*

The book on which this film was based was the moving story of the salvation of a man who had lost faith and turned to crime, and all of us who were working on the picture had been caught up in the spirit of the story. On the day before Christmas we had only one scene left to shoot, down in the tough and dangerous section of New York's Bowery known as Five Points, a dreary, squalid neighborhood of cheap saloons, flophouses, and missions.

For the scene I was costumed and made up appropriately, my face artfully begrimed and covered with a stubble of artificial beard, my clothing consisting of cracked old shoes and a shabby, greasy suit. I wore no shirt, and had to clutch the frayed lapels of my tattered coat across my bare chest. It was a good costume, and if there was an added touch of realism in my portrayal of misery, it was because the day was cold, and I was, in fact, acutely uncomfortable.

The director, the cameraman, and I were driving down to the Bowery in a limousine. As I sat in the car, I was thinking about a date I had to keep that night, and what I hoped might, this time at last, come of it.

It was a date with a detective agency which I had retained some months before, and which only that morning had sent word that one of their operatives had unearthed what he hoped might lead toward a man I had been trying to find for about 20 years—the man to whom I owed every theater success I had achieved. As I sat in the car, trying not to hope too much, my mind turned back to a little town in Ohio in the winter of 1892, when I was 16 years old.

Those were the days when a fine and polished actor frequently took his own repertory company on the road, playing in towns across the nation in a selection of Shakespearean plays. I had been fortunate enough to land a minor job with a company whose star and manager was one of the finest actors I have ever known, and it was in that little Ohio town that the opportunity of which all young actors dream and which rarely comes to any of them, outside the pages of fiction, came to me in actuality.

We were to play *Julius Caesar* on this, our first night, and for a wonder the advance sale of tickets had been large. There was even a prospect that some of us might be paid, for the first time in weeks. And then police came to the hotel and told us that a man had fallen on the ice and been taken to the hospital, and that just before he lost consciousness he had asked to be taken to the theater—where he was to play Mark Antony!

It was a cruel blow for the troupe to lose our leading man, because we carried no understudies, and even our star, great as he was, could not play Caesar without Mark Antony. It must have been sheer desperation that made them listen when the 16-year-old bit player everyone called "Willie" popped up and in a quavering voice announced: "Please, sir—I can play Mark Antony!"

There was silence in the room,

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but no one laughed, because the silence was overlaid with desperation. Then the star turned to me and whispered intensely: "Willie, do you mean to tell me you know Mark Antony's part? All the lines?"

I did know all the lines—for all the leading man's parts. It wasn't that I had ever believed that anything like this would happen, but I just couldn't help learning lines. I didn't have to study them: I had only to hear them a few times, and they stayed with me forever.

Well, we put the show on. The star made a speech before the curtain in which he told the audience candidly that the company had suffered an accident. We had no choice but to offer them an untried Mark Antony—a boy from Bucksport, Maine, named Willie Farnum. Willie had volunteered to try the part—but we would hold the curtain for a few minutes so that all those who wanted to could get their money back.

But no one left. There is drama in an accident like that, drama in which the audience actually participates. I know I didn't set the world on fire, but I remembered my lines and did my best to copy the gestures I had watched so many times. The audience was generous with applause for the troupe—and for Willie Farnum.

I PLAYED IAGO in *Othello* the next night, and for the rest of our stay in the Ohio town I substituted for the leading man. And when we left Ohio, and our leading man could not rejoin us, our star did not replace him. He raised my salary from $12 to $20 a week—which was ridiculously extravagant of him, for I would have cheerfully paid $20 a week for the privilege—and I finished the tour as leading man in his company.

He was a patient and generous teacher as well as a great actor, and he did his best to develop the raw young Willie into a finished actor. He succeeded well enough so that, next year, I was able to go into another repertory company at a much larger salary, and from there through a progression of successes into motion pictures, and finally to the dizzy eminence I had achieved by that Christmas Eve on the Bowery.

I had tried to get in touch with him a year or two after leaving his company, only to learn that the troupe had been disbanded and he had dropped from sight. I used to save my wages to pay for periodic ads in *Variety* asking for news of him, and I wrote literally hundreds of letters over a period of years, but all to no avail.

And when at last I could afford it, I had retained detectives to carry on the search for the man who had guided me and taught me and given me every chance I had ever had—and yet who had never called me anything but "Willie." I used to wish sometimes, after I thought I had done well in a mature part, that he might dignify me with the name "William," or at least "Bill," but no—to him I would always be just "Willie," the kid he'd taken under his wing.

Oddly enough, when I had achieved success, when I was "Mr. Farnum" to the people with whom I worked, and "Bill" to my director and producer, and "William Farnum" to the world . . . well,

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sometimes I thought wistfully that I'd give anything I had to hear him call me "Willie" again.

Now he had been missing for 20 years, and it wasn't improbable that he was dead. The detectives had had leads many times before, and always they had been wrong. But now it was Christmas Eve, and I could not keep down the strange new hope that this time, at last, I might find him . . .

REASONABLY WARM NOW, I stepped out of the car and received last-minute instructions from the director. I was simply to edge into the bread line before the mission and move with it until I reached the door, when the camera would stop turning and I could continue around the corner and back to the car, and thence home.

So I stood in the bread line, clutching my coat and hunching my shoulders against the cold, and moved with the shuffling line of derelicts to the door. I have tried ever since to explain to myself what happened then. It wasn't because a tinny phonograph somewhere not far off was playing a Christmas carol, and it wasn't because it was cold on the street, and it wasn't because the detectives had been wrong so often before.

Suddenly I felt very much alone, more alone than I had ever been in my life, and desolate and bleak. And the warm light in the mission seemed to draw me, and my feet simply would not carry me around the corner.

I shuffled inside with my companions, and found a chair in the shabby room. I hunched in my seat and listened to the preacher who was talking to the men. He spoke to them, these bleared and broken vagrants, gently and yet firmly, as though they were still men, not broken but only temporarily beset by troubles which they would surely master soon in their own strength.

I looked furtively right and left, and saw the trust and hope with which they watched the preacher, and the rebirth of strength and pride in dull eyes. Suddenly I was filled with humility and shame. I, a rich man, and a healthy and successful one—I had no right to be here witnessing this scene, masquerading as I was.

I rose and made for the door. Then the preacher stopped talking and called to me.

"Where are you going, friend?" he asked gently.

"I'm going out. I don't belong here, and I beg your pardon for coming in. I'm only an actor. I've been playing a part outside . . . "

"And have you no message for us, Mr. Farnum?" he asked.

Somehow he had stepped aside and left me in his place, facing the roomful of shabby, dirty, hopeless men. And I did have a message, all at once, but I didn't have the words to convey it.

I tried. I spoke to them, and they listened, and because I was trying so hard to tell them something I only half-understood myself, they listened the way they had listened to their own preacher, attentively and helpfully. Finally I put my hands to my face and stripped away the artificial stubble of beard in a gesture that tried to indicate that they, too, might yet strip away the misery that weighed them

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down. I saw that they understood, and believed.

Then, halfway back in the room, a stooped, white-haired old man laboriously got to his feet. His red-rimmed eyes stared at me fixedly, and then his sunken cheeks were wet with tears. He pointed a shaking finger at my face, and suddenly I knew, not *how* I had been drawn into the mission, but *why*.

I knew that tomorrow would be the most wonderful Christmas of my life, and I knew that my faith would be unwavering henceforth. For I knew him, even before he croaked unsteadily: "Willie! . . . why, hello there, *Willie!*"

How "R" You Doing?

Knowing your "Three R's" won't help much in this test: one is enough. To an "R," add the word suggested by the definitions in the left column, and you will discover the companion word. Example: R plus ink (dark fluid) = rink (skating area) Get all correct, and you are excellent; 13 to 15, you are average; but 12 or less—you are in bad shape. (The answers appear on page 97.)

1.	R	+	_____ (an associate)	=	_____ (recovery of strength)
2.	R	+	_____ (frozen dessert)	=	_____ (starchy grain)
3.	R	+	_____ (utilization)	=	_____ (a trick)
4.	R	+	_____ (a champion)	=	_____ (a contest)
5.	R	+	_____ (a tree)	=	_____ (impetuous)
6.	R	+	_____ (baseball term)	=	_____ (disorderly flight)
7.	R	+	_____ (assistance)	=	_____ (sudden attack)
8.	R	+	_____ (nautical implement)	=	_____ (loud sound)
9.	R	+	_____ (suitable)	=	_____ (deeply engrossed)
10.	R	+	_____ (astern)	=	_____ (float of logs)
11.	R	+	_____ (mammary gland)	=	_____ (steering device)
12.	R	+	_____ (human organ)	=	_____ (the back)
13.	R	+	_____ (length of life)	=	_____ (violent feeling)
14.	R	+	_____ (indisposed)	=	_____ (small brook)
15.	R	+	_____ (a snake)	=	_____ (coarse file)
16.	R	+	_____ (long fish)	=	_____ (lively dance)

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How to Make Him Propose

by ELLIS MICHAEL

A campaign plan for single women

IN AMERICA TODAY there are nearly 8,000,000 unmarried women between the ages of 18 and 44. If you are a member of this large segment of the feminine population, the chances are that you're a normal, well-adjusted young woman who doesn't hesitate to admit that she wants to get married.

Perhaps you have even been going with the same man for some time. But for one reason or another, he has never brought up the subject of matrimony.

Now, in your heart and mind you *know* that you would make him a perfect marriage partner. What's more, there may have been times when you felt that with slight prodding from you he would have popped the all-important question. Yet, on such occasions a single outmoded tradition may have blocked your march to the altar—the mistaken belief that it is "cheap" to encourage a man to propose.

A typical case is that of Nan, a 26-year-old schoolteacher. I have known Nan for more than five years. She is a pretty, charming young woman who would make an excel-

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lent wife for almost any man. Since she began teaching three years ago, Nan has been going with a physical-training instructor at the same school. My wife and I have seen Nan and Bill often enough to know they are deeply in love. Yet Bill seems surprised if someone asks whether he and Nan have set a wedding date. "Why, I haven't even asked her to marry me," he retorts. "She seems perfectly satisfied to go on as we are."

The only trouble is, Nan isn't "perfectly satisfied." Recently, she visited us while Bill was out of town and sobbingly confessed that it didn't seem as if Bill would ever ask her to marry him.

My wife pointed out that it was high time she began a subtle campaign to *get* Bill to propose. But Nan was shocked. "Oh, I'd never do that!" she exclaimed. "Certainly I know Bill loves me. But when he proposes, I want to know he's doing it only because he wants to—without 'help' from me."

Marriage counselors, sociologists, clergymen, and others concerned with marital problems are agreed that Nan's attitude is as out-of-date as high-button shoes. One counselor puts it this way: "In nine out of ten cases, it is the woman who must set the course in the direction of the matrimonial harbor. A girl in the 'dating stage' who sits by passively waiting for a proposal is simply fooling herself!"

This doesn't mean, of course, that an aggressive, direct approach is the shortest distance to a marriage offer. In fact, a display of overeagerness can have just the opposite result.

In direct contrast to Nan's attitude, for example, is that of Kay, a famous and brilliant businesswoman. Kay is competent and sophisticated at 32. As an only child, she had received every attention from her parents. After being graduated from an exclusive women's college, she decided to make her mark in the business world. And by the time she was 28 she was already head buyer for a prominent cosmetics firm.

One day Kay awoke to the fact that her triumph as a career woman wasn't quite as satisfying as she had led herself to believe, and she decided to find a husband.

At a cocktail party, Kay met a 40-year-old executive. After a few dates, she was convinced he would make an ideal husband. And she set out to get him to propose with the same grim determination she used when closing a business deal. She spoke constantly of marriage and even tried to talk his friends into dropping broad hints. But her aggressiveness did not pay off. The prospective husband tired of her harping on marriage and dropped out of her life.

ARE THE CASES of Nan and Kay isolated ones? Not at all. Tragically enough, there are thousands of attractive, charming, and intelligent women who never seem quite able to hurdle the proposal barrier.

Yet there is no reason for our Nans and Kays to be doomed to spinsterhood. Marriage counselors have found that almost any woman who takes the time and trouble to understand the psychology of the male can set the stage for a proposal.

Paul Popenoe, director of the American Institute of Family Relations, has flatly declared that *there*

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is nothing one can do outside of marriage that can't be done better inside it. Yet it is no secret that many men are marriage-shy chiefly because nobody has bothered to point out to them the advantages of wedlock.

These males mistakenly believe that matrimony is a cramping, confining institution. But they also realize that, as mature men, they have an obligation to society which calls for marriage and raising a family. What follows is a deep-rooted conflict between a desire to keep the "freedom" of bachelorhood and a sense of responsibility as grown-up members of society.

The secret of getting such a man to propose lies in showing him by your day-to-day actions that you are someone with whom he would *want* to spend his life on the basis of love, cooperation, and mutual sharing of responsibility. And by following these simple rules of "subtle persuasion," it should not be at all difficult to secure a proposal:

1. *Show him that marriage to you will have spiritual values.* The average male looks for more in a mate than simply someone to love in the physical sense. He also expects to invest his spiritual needs, hopes, and goals in marriage. He wants a true partner—a woman who can give him encouragement, understanding, companionship.

What are the dividends of such a partnership? Inner contentment, peace of mind, emotional security. And it's up to you to show him that marriage can guarantee these dividends. How? By demonstrating *now* that you have a "habit of happiness" and an unselfish capacity "to love and to be loved"—this is the sound advice of Evelyn Millis Duvall, Secretary of the National Conference on Family Relations. These, she adds, are the attributes of an emotionally mature personality—the best possible dowry that you can offer a prospective fiancé.

2. *Show him marriage has social benefits.* I know a 36-year-old bachelor who claims he leads an ideal existence. He boasts that he isn't tied down by family responsibilities and is free to do what he wants. Yet in reality he is one of the loneliest men I know. He dates a number of women but has no real friend with whom he can share his triumphs and disappointments.

The case of this bachelor is not unusual. In our way of life, declare authorities like Henry Bowman, chairman of the department of marriage education at Missouri's Stephens College, people are expected to marry. If they don't, society wonders why, and places restrictions on them.

Promoting a proposal, then, calls for letting him know there are social advantages in marriage that bachelorhood does not afford.

3. *Show him that marriage has business assets.* In the business world, too, a bachelor is at a disadvantage. Unlike married employees, he has no one to inspire him to work harder for promotions and raises. And most bosses make no secret of the fact that they prefer married men for positions requiring maturity and a sense of responsibility.

There is another reason why marriage is a spark plug for success. An alert mate, notes Mrs. Eric Johnston, wife of one of the country's leading business spokesmen, can help her husband make contacts, entertain business associates,

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and raise his prestige by participating in community activities.

A wise move, therefore, is to ask yourself these searching questions: "Have I shown him I'm interested in advancing his career? Have I proved that I have the charm, poise, and friendliness necessary to make marriage a business asset?"

4. *Let him know that he is something special to you.* Hunger for flattery is a basic drive. Successful salesmen understand this craving and use it to sell their products. As a woman who is trying to sell a man on matrimony, a strong point is your ability to flatter him sincerely.

In preparing this article, I asked dozens of wives for their hints on persuading a man to propose. Invariably, the advice "praise him" was mentioned.

"If he does something you know he's proud of, don't be afraid to tell others about it in his presence," was the suggestion of an engineer's wife.

"Don't be sarcastic or funny at his expense," warned a housewife.

"When you're in the company of others, don't hog the spotlight. The chances are that he wants to be the star of the evening," said a third.

5. *Let him know you have interests in common.* It is up to you to show him that you enjoy the same things he does and are concerned with his problems. However, this does not mean that you have to alter your own tastes to suit his—as one young wife discovered to her regret.

Her husband liked seafood, so before their marriage they ate enough to stock a fishery. He liked basketball—they attended every local game. Her man was fond of bridge—she dutifully read every book on the game she could find.

He finally proposed. But after their marriage she soon realized that they didn't really enjoy doing these things together. And in the end they had to rebuild their marriage on genuine common interests.

How can you avert a similar error? The obvious solution, advise marriage experts, is not to alter your own personality but to strengthen those bonds of mutual interests that made you fall in love with him in the first place.

6. *Show him that marriage offers practical comforts.* Inviting him for a home-cooked meal will help. So will sewing on the loose button that has been plaguing him since last week. However, a word of warning: though you want to prove that you know your way around a pressure cooker or sewing kit, avoid having a relative drop hints about what a great little homebody you are.

And next time you are both asked to visit the home of "old married folks," accept the invitation. Let him see at firsthand that modern home life is still a haven of security, relaxation, and practical comforts.

7. *Show him that it is cheaper to marry.* Money considerations hold back many men from matrimony. They may really want to propose but are afraid that marriage is a luxury they cannot afford.

"How can I support a wife on my salary?" is a common attitude.

If this, alas, is the difficulty in your case, there *is* something you can do about it. You might let him know delicately that you wouldn't mind sharing the burden by holding your job for a while. As a working wife, you wouldn't be alone. You would be joining the ranks of 8,700,000 other women who are

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helping to put their marriages on a sound financial footing by working at outside jobs.

If you are really intent on turning your date into a mate, it is wise to be considerate of his wallet. Show reluctance to go to places where he may have to spend half a week's earnings in one evening.

Surveys show that extravagance and differences over handling money are the No. 1 cause of domestic strife. Knowing this, the average bachelor is wary of proposing to a woman who shows by her attitude that she may not care to help him keep a rein on his spending after marriage.

8. *Win the approval of his family and friends.* Novels often depict marriage as a pact of two brave people defying the world together. While this idea may be romantic, it certainly is not realistic. Actually, say marriage experts, when a man chooses a bride, his decision is likely to be influenced by the opinions of his friends and relatives —especially his mother.

"Before we were married, John went out with a number of girls," a young wife told me not long ago. "But they just couldn't seem to hit it off with his mother. When John introduced *me* to her, I realized that she still thought of him as a little boy. So I did my best to be nice to her. I also tried to convince her I wasn't out to steal her son from her.

"Well, it worked. John sensed that I understood his mother. And she approved of me because, after all, he did ask me to marry him."

In the final analysis, getting a man to propose is an important part of the husband-hunting game. But at the same time marriage counselors issue a warning: make sure first that he is the right man for you!

These authorities have found that too many women approaching 30 begin to feel that their chances for marriage are slipping away. Deluding themselves into thinking that "It's now or never," they plunge blindly into the matrimonial chase in an effort to corner the first prospect who comes along.

However, assuming you are really in love and are certain *he is* the man for you, there is no need to resort to high-pressure tactics. Nor, on the other hand, can you afford to sit back idly and expect him to sweep you off your feet with an offer of marriage. It is up to you to *earn* the proposal—by waging a dignified, common-sense campaign designed to help him see for himself that matrimony rather than bachelorhood is the keystone of a full and happy life.

Pastor's Problem

DISTURBING PROOF of the strain of modern life as reported by the Reverend Norman Vincent Peale, pastor of New York's Marble Collegiate Church: "We've become so keyed up and nervous that it is almost impossible to put people to sleep with a sermon. I haven't seen anyone sleeping in church in years—and I tell you that's a bad situation."

—*Pathfinder*

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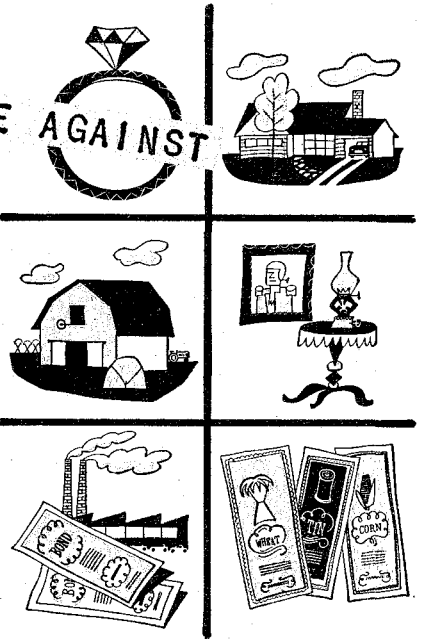
SIX WAYS TO HEDGE AGAINST INFLATION

by SAM SHULSKY



Do you want to protect today's dollar and insure tomorrow's security? Here are some suggestions for the wise investor

IN THE LAST dozen years, the steady march of inflation has cut the purchasing power of your dollar in half. The end is not yet in sight. Just so long as world unrest demands that billions be spent for armaments, just so long will the price of everyday consumer goods tend to rise.

If you must live with inflation, what can you do to protect yourself against its steady whittling away of your savings? If you could buy now all the things you need for years to come, the solution would be simple. But food won't keep that long—and clothing styles change.

The answer, then, must be to convert your cash savings (or bonds and mortgages which represent fixed numbers of dollars) into investments which can be expected to go up in price as long as the inflationary pressure lasts—investments in things which will pay out an increased number of dollars when you need the money to buy higher-priced things in the future.

What are these things? They are:

Shares of stock in leading American corporations.

Homes.

Farms and timberland.

Commodities—grains, cotton, rubber, metals.

Rare books, antique furniture, old silver, postage stamps.

Precious stones.

Right at this point, however, it would be wise to inject a note of caution. None of these hedges against inflation is perfect. Several require special skills and knowledge. All require care, common sense, patience, and the ability to withstand crowd hysteria.

If inflation is to continue, common stocks represent perhaps the easiest and safest hedge for the av-

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erage man. You can buy them with any amount of money—$100 to $10,000, and more. You can buy them any day you have the money; you can sell them in a few minutes any day you need money.

You don't have to be an expert in electrical equipment when you buy General Electric stock, or know the difference between a billet and a Bessemer when you buy Bethlehem Steel. You get the management with the stock.

And if you can't make up your mind between GE and Bethlehem, you can invest in both of them—and in Montgomery Ward, Union Pacific, Radio Corp., Socony-Vacuum, duPont, American Can, and hundreds of others by the simple expedient of buying shares in investment trusts which put all these companies into one basket for your convenience.

A glance at the past will show how stocks help to meet rising prices—the cost of food, for example. Many adults remember when sugar was five cents a pound, coffee 27, and porterhouse steak 33. Everyone knows that prices have gone up considerably since then. Let's look at the record of stocks and the cost of your food:

The Mercantile Agency of Dun & Bradstreet for years has compiled the total wholesale cost of a basket containing a pound each of 31 different foods. The Dow Jones stock-market average is computed from the price of one share each of 30 prominent companies.

If you had owned this "average" stock investment in 1933, just about the bottom of the Depression, it would have had a value ranging from $50 to $109. Your total dividend income would have been only $3.40. But the basket of 31 pounds of food that year cost from $1.49 to $2.08. In other words, your dividends that year could have bought nearly two baskets of food.

Then food started going up. By 1939, the same basket cost from $2.13 to $2.46. But your stock-market investment was now between $121 and $156, and your dividends $6.11! In spite of higher prices, you could now buy more than two baskets of food from your same investment.

Skip another ten years—to 1949. The same basket now sells for $5.57 to $6.12, but your stock investment would bring $161 to $200 (in case you had to sell), and provided $12.79 in dividends that year if you remained an investor.

In 1950, food rose only slightly, $5.73 to $6.90, but stocks climbed and the dividend went to $16.13.

What does this mean? Merely this—despite the fact that food costs have soared, a stock investment made years ago would still be yielding enough increased income, in dollars, to keep you even or better than even with the grocery bill.

OF COURSE, if you would rather invest in your own "corporation"—your family—the question of home ownership is a logical one. If inflation continues, the price of homes must go up, because everything which goes into building a home—land, materials, labor—is extremely vulnerable to the falling power of the dollar.

When building prices continue to rise, rentals must follow, government rent freezes to the contrary notwithstanding. In the long run,

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rental properties which are price-frozen will be allowed to fall into disrepair and become increasingly undesirable. New buildings will not be erected unless higher rentals are allowed.

The family paying rent and with a few thousands in the bank can protect itself against rent inflation by buying now. It cannot escape further inflation entirely, of course. Coal or oil for heating, repairs, taxes will be sure to rise if inflation continues. But mortgage-retirement and interest costs, which are perhaps the largest single item of home ownership, can be fixed today for as long as 20 or 25 years ahead.

If you buy a $12,000 home today, putting in $3,000 and borrowing $9,000 through a mortgage, you know now that your monthly mortgage charges for the next 25 years will hold steadily at about $50 a month, no matter what happens to the purchasing power of the dollar.

Another type of real-estate investment is farm land. At present, farm-land prices are already the highest in history. Their continued rise would depend on many factors —higher food prices, a population trend from city to farm, and fear of atomic war, to name a few. In addition, any particular farm you might consider would have to meet other requirements:

Can your family enjoy it as a week-end or vacation home; can you make a deal with neighboring farmers to work the land on shares, or to rent it entirely from you; are taxes low enough for you to carry the farm for several years; is the cost low enough for you to allow it to lie fallow if need be?

Is there a timber crop on it, or can you put in seedlings? (Timber in recent years has become one of the most promising long-term investments.) And finally, do you know anything about the value of land, and if you don't, can you get the help of someone who does?

If you wish, you can buy the products of a farm more easily than you can the farm itself. There are commodity trading houses in every large city in the nation. You can buy certificates representing wheat, corn, soybeans, lard, as well as rubber, copper, tin, and many other items which are quick to rise in price as the value of the dollar goes down. Commodity trading, however, is highly speculative. For the layman, it is reasonably safe only when carried on through the offices of an experienced broker.

FOR CENTURIES a standard hedge against inflation—especially in Europe—has been art objects. Rare paintings, books and coins, antique furniture, old silver pieces, and postage stamps have all proved safe refuges for those who want to protect their cash against inflation. This form of investment is based on the theory that if one of these items commands $500 today, its price can go only one way—up, because the maker of that item is gone forever and there can never be any more.

Within bounds, this theory has held up. There are two dangers, however, to hedging through purchase of art objects:

1. The specific item you buy—a piece of old French furniture or an English portrait—may be out of fashion when you decide to cash in.

2. All art objects, being considered in the luxury class, go down

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sharply in times of depression when money is tight.

The glamour of jewelry has also lured investors for centuries. Europeans who have had to flee from one country to another, or who have witnessed their currency fading away to practically nothing, have found, too, that a chamois bag filled with diamonds or diamond jewelry could be converted into cash almost anywhere.

So long as the British diamond combine continues to control the market, and therefore price, diamond values will continue reasonably stable. But here, too, it is risky for a man to turn in at any jeweler's shop and hand over his savings in exchange for a shiny ornament.

In the first place, it must be kept in mind that jewelry, of itself, is distinctly not an inflation hedge. The gold or diamonds which go into it may represent only a small part of the cost, which must include mounting, polishing, and other items of manufacture. In seeking hedges, only the intrinsic value of the gems themselves should be considered. Then, too, it must be remembered that the current 20 per cent Federal excise tax will not be returned to him when the investor wishes to sell.

Experts in jewelry agree that the best hedge is uncut diamonds, and that the bigger the stone, the better the chance for a price rise. That is because larger stones are more rare, and, in a rising market, are the first to command a premium.

Before purchasing uncut stones, however, the layman should avail himself of the expert advisory services which are located in all cities and which render their service at a very reasonable fee.

Inflation is with us. World unrest and the heavy spending for munitions which cause inflation show no signs of abating. Those who have managed to put aside money, for future purchases or for old age, must face the problem of protecting the value of that money.

There is no perfect device for combating inflation, but that does not mean we shouldn't try to understand the problem and do something about it. Only the man who has no money can afford to stand idly by and see the purchasing power of the dollar dwindle.

Oyster vs. Eagle

WHEN GOD MADE the oyster, He guaranteed him absolute economic and social security. He built the oyster a house, a shell, to protect him from his enemies. When hungry, the oyster simply opens his shell and food rushes in for him.

But when God made the eagle, He said, "The blue sky is the limit. Go build your own house." And the eagle built on the highest mountain crag, where storms threaten him every day. For food he flies through miles of rain, snow and wind.

The eagle, not the oyster, is the emblem of America. —*G. E. News*

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Can Parents Predict the Sex of a Child?

by NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE

Science may be headed toward a long-sought goal: selectivity in planning a family

CAN SCIENCE FIND a way to permit parents to select the sex of their children in advance? Is the day coming when choice, not chance, shall determine whether a baby is a boy or a girl?

Up to now, science has always given a discouraging answer to such questions. In spite of thousands of hopeful superstitions about controlling sex, there was little evidence that this biological miracle might be achieved. But recently the scientific world was jolted by the announcement of two Duke University researchers.

In a series of remarkable laboratory experiments, they may have found the key to sex determination. Their discovery is all the more significant because it involves no chemicals, drugs, or mechanical devices. Instead, it seems to point the way to a simple, natural procedure for sex selection, based on new knowledge of nature's own method.

Before the two Duke scientists, Dr. Deryl Hart and Dr. James D. Moody, commenced their work, they knew that science had already unraveled the mystery of just how nature does determine sex. Though the final pieces of this marvelous jigsaw puzzle are only now being

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fitted into place, the story began nearly half a century ago when Dr. C. E. McClung discovered something curious about insect cells under his microscope.

He was probing the chromosomes, those strings of genes that determine heredity, when he saw that, in cells from the male, some chromosomes seemed smaller than others. In the chromosomes of female cells, this odd little chromosome was not to be found. Since it appeared only in one group, could it be the sex-determining factor?

The thought that sex might be "inherited"—carried by the chromosomes just as are other traits of physique and character—was challenging to scientists. Their intensified research confirmed that McClung's theory applied to other insects and animals. And when they got to studying humans, the answer was the same.

In human beings, the mature reproductive cells have 24 chromosomes. Half the male sperms contain the standard 24, exactly like those found in female cells. The other half contain only 23 full-sized chromosomes, and one curiously short one which the researchers named the "Y" chromosome, identifying it as the male sex determinator.

Any approach to sex control has to be made on the basis of these discoveries. To understand why, consider the marvelous process by which a child's sex is determined by nature. Once each month, an ovum descends from the female ovaries into the uterus, where it is in a position to be fertilized. Whether it will become a boy or a girl depends on the outcome of a fantastic race toward it of the male sperms.

Now half of those sperms contain only the "X" (female-determining) chromosome; if one of these strikes the ovum first, the child will be a girl. The other sperms contain the "Y" chromosome. If one of these wins the race, the offspring will be a boy. Thus, sex is determined once and for all in that single moment when the sperm plunges into the ovum to start a new human life.

Now here, nature's method of sex control enters the picture, for, although the number of male-determining, female-determining sperms are equal, more boys than girls are born—an average of 5.5 more per 100. But why, if the sperms all start on an equal footing?

Although no attempt at sex control had worked, scientists found evidence which hinted that, unintentionally, some degree of control was already being exercised. Under certain circumstances, the normal birth ratio of boys to girls was being radically upset! This was revealed when the National Research Foundation for Eugenic Alleviation of Sterility polled 30,000 doctors in an effort to find out certain facts about artificial insemination.

The 7,600 doctors who reported indicated that, through the method, they had assisted 9,489 women to have babies. What was astonishing was the sex of these babies: 5,676 were boys, only 3,813 were girls. That was 16½ per cent more males than would have been expected by the ordinary ratio! Obviously, something had favored male births. Could it have been the technique of artificial insemination?

Conception occurs only within the brief period of female ovulation. Ordinarily, among married couples

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without a fertility problem, sexual relations are not timed to coincide with these few days. Artificial insemination, however, *is* timed that way. Was this the clue to the baffling riddle?

Moody and Hart knew that they had to have the proof of controlled tests. For laboratory experiments they chose rats, whose sexual habits are thoroughly known and whose period of gestation is a short 21 days. Various factors indicated the advisability of seeking conceptions late in the fertility period. To that end, the researchers had to know exactly when that period would be. This had been charted by Drs. Richard Blandau and Edwin S. Jordan, who had discovered that rats go into heat around 7 P.M. Figuring the fertile period at something like 12 hours, this would mean that if mating occurred at 6 A.M., it would be taking place about as late in the cycle as possible. And, according to the Hart and Moody theory, it should produce more males.

The males and females were placed in separate cages, with a steel door between. This was controlled by an automatic timing device, set to open the door at the proper time. Since the males and females were again separated at 9 A.M., the doctors had strict control over the hours of mating.

In other cages, the scientists had rats living under identical conditions, but not affected by the experiment. All during the tests, these rats went on breeding as usual. Altogether the prolific creatures produced 12,135 offspring. When their sex was checked, the rats came up with 6,071 males, 6,064 females—a ratio of 100.1 to 100.

But what was happening to those all-important rats in the separated cages? When the scientists checked, they found 149 males to every 100 females! Not satisfied with one experiment, the doctors tried again. This time the ratio was 168 males to 100 females. Still another experiment produced the astounding ratio of 255 to 100!

Convincing as is their evidence, Drs. Hart and Moody feel their work is just starting. They still must find out the exact nature of chemical changes that encourage the development of females at one stage of ovulation, males at another. They must still learn just when during ovulation the dividing line occurs, and whether there is an in-between period favoring equal male and female conceptions.

Meanwhile, as doctors continue to experiment with animals, the time may soon come to apply to humans, in selected cases, the significant information so far obtained.

Mood Magic

ALWAYS KEEP IN MIND the part that mood can play in affecting one's judgment of a piece of work; be cautious of enthusiasm when the sun shines bright, and slow to dismissal when the clouds hang low.

—J. DONALD ADAMS

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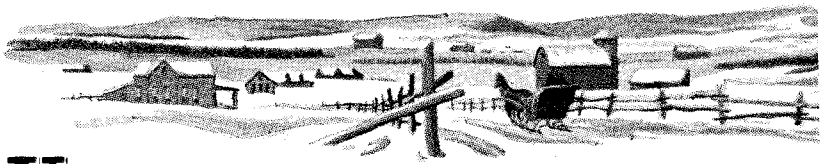

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Interviewing a lady contestant, the emcee of "Cinderella Weekend" asked, "What is your fondest wish?" When she hesitated, he insisted, "Come, come. What did you write on your paper before the broadcast? If I could give you any wish you wanted, what would it be?"

Reluctantly the lady stammered, "Well, I wrote on the paper that I wanted a very large family—but you couldn't give me that!"

—JOSEPH A. DABES

Homer Croy was writing pictures in Hollywood for Will Rogers. "Well, Homer," said Will, "the Fox people tell me you have a great story for me. Where's the script?" Croy produced a small piece of paper. "Here it is." Rogers read it and grinned. "That's good. Okay. Let's go ahead and make a movie out of it." It was Will Rogers' first talkie, and several more followed, all by Croy. The full script on that piece of paper was: "Pike Peters loses his money in the depression and adjusts himself to the situation."

—BERNARDINE KIELTY (*Tales of Hoffman*)

Crooner Tony Martin was pointing out to Bill Miller that a starring career in Hollywood was fraught with pitfalls. "One day," he argued, "you're making love to Betty Grable, Linda Darnell, or Wanda Hendrix, and the next day, poof! You're a has-been."

"Ah," sighed Miller, "but look where you has been." —BENNETT CERF

Jesús Maria Sanromá, the well-known concert pianist, was honored with a Doctor-of-Music degree from Boston College not long ago. When a physician friend was making out a hay-fever prescription for the pianist somewhat later, he jokingly put "Dr." before the name of his noted patient.

In having the prescription filled, Sanromá was puzzled when the druggist asked him if he practiced much, but politely replied: "Certainly, when I have time."

"Then I'll give you the usual 10 per cent professional discount," the druggist conceded. —*Executives' Digest*

A young playwright once submitted a three-act drama to theatrical manager David Belasco. A few days later, the hopeful young author called at the office to hear the manager's opinion.

"I read your play to a couple of friends," said Belasco. "We each

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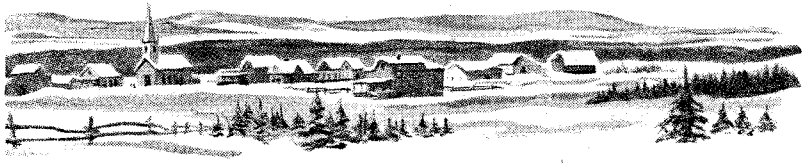


THE SHOW WORLD

thought that one of the acts was superfluous."

"Which act was that?" asked the anxious author.

"That's the trouble," replied Belasco. "You see, each of us chose a different act." —MILWAUKEE *Journal*

She looked as if she'd come in last in the human race. —BOB HOPE

Air-line pilots describe male travelers with wolfish tendencies as "guys trying to get somewhere fastest with the hostess." —CEDRIC ADAMS

The late John Barrymore was well known to his New York cast of *Hamlet* as a man of considerable eccentricity, but he nonetheless gave them all a frightening few minutes one evening. A short time before the opening curtain, the Horatio of the cast stepped into Barrymore's room to ask him a question and found him stretched out full length on a couch, breathing through the mask of an oxygen tank.

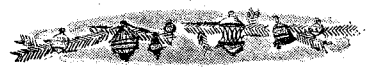
"John, John, what's the matter?" cried the actor. When most of the cast had rushed into the room, visibly upset, Barrymore, supremely casual, unhooked the oxygen tank from his face and arose. Then, throwing his shoulders back, he remarked: "Good as a ruddy walk in the park." —DENNIS WEPMAN

George Jessel brought his young daughter, Jerilynn, to a party at the home of some friends. They admired Jerilynn's conduct and the speed with which she obeyed all of her father's suggestions.

"How do you do it?" an envious parent asked him. "How do you get her to obey you?"

"The same as I do with big girls," Jessel shrugged. "I talk loud and carry a big wallet." —LEONARD LYONS

When you wear two sets of long underwear you may look as big as a house, but who cares as long as the back porch is warm. —ARTHUR GODFREY



On her radio program "What Makes You Tick?" Gypsy Rose Lee asked a woman contestant what she would do if it became fashionable for ladies to wear rings through their noses. Without hesitation the woman replied: "That's easy. I'd wear a ring through my nose." —PAUL STEINER

She's the kind of a girl you don't whistle at. You can't—your tongue is hanging out. —ED GARDNER (*Duffy's Tavern*)

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Courage Rides the Rails

by WEBB B. GARRISON

In a grim race with death, a valiant train crew set a record—at 18 miles an hour!

YOU WOULD NEVER have picked James M. Root as a breaker of records. Slight and amiable, he had no trace about him of verve or bravado. But in 1894, even the mildest of railroaders dreamed of achieving a speed record that would stand for a month, a year, perhaps even for a decade.

As early as 1885, passenger trains were trying to set speed marks. In '88, a British line established a schedule calling for 47 mph, including stops. The record was topped three times the following year. By '91, the Empire State Express had nosed ahead by scheduling a run at 50.7 mph.

Even the small lines were out for their share of the honors. That was one factor which influenced the St. Paul & Duluth to put on a limited. Engineer Jim Root regularly whittled a few minutes off the advertised schedule. One of these days, when he was on the down run with gravity in his favor, he would show those Easterners a thing or two.

Saturday, September 1, didn't seem the day to do it. His near-capacity passenger load of about 200 gave him extra weight. And visibility was poor when his train, pulled by No. 4, rolled out of Duluth at 2 P.M.

Smoldering stumps and sawdust

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piles had kept the Minnesota air filled with thin blue smoke for days. Now, ten miles north of Hinckley station, the passengers became nervous. John Blair, Negro porter in the chair car, moved through the train lighting lamps. But smoke swirled so densely that the lamps gave the effect of a frosty twilight.

In the locomotive, Jim leaned forward, trying to pierce beyond the stabbing glow of his headlight. As he began to glimpse flying sparks, he eased the throttle. Perhaps he would have to stop at Hinckley.

A mile from the station, Root caught a persistent roar above the pounding of his locomotive. Abruptly he threw on the brakes.

"I can't make it," he grunted to his fireman, Jack McGowan. "That's a big fire, with plenty of wind behind it."

An instant later they felt the first shock of heat. A half-clad youngster sprinted up the track, out of the menacing gloom.

"More coming!" he puffed. "Hinckley's burning! Half the town is dead!"

Refugees began streaming toward the train. Some of the women carried babies, others clutched household goods. Their hair was singed, holes were burned in their clothing. Within seconds, nearly 100 clambered aboard.

"Can't get to Hinckley," one refugee panted to the brakeman. "The trestle over Grindstone River is already on fire."

Root threw No. 4 into reverse and gave her all the steam he dared. The nearest water was six miles back up the line, and already he could see flames leaping through the treetops.

A high wind was pushing the fire. Leaping and twirling, the flames darted like frenzied demons. No. 4 had hardly got under way before a blast of superheated air caught it.

Jim had turned sidewise in his seat momentarily. That act probably saved his life, for every pane of glass in the cab was shattered simultaneously. Flying fragments tore into his neck, shoulders, and forehead. At the same instant, many of the windows in the coaches were smashed. Crossties were blazing on both sides of the track, and the baggage car caught fire.

Wiping blood from his eyes, the engineer leaned far out the window in a futile attempt to see where he was going. Then the fire pounced on the unprotected cab with all its fury. Root slumped over his hot throttle, unconscious. His shirt blazed, and the grimy side curtains disappeared in a burst of flame.

Fireman McGowan, who had been shielded from the worst of the heat, snatched a bucket and began dipping water from the locomotive's tank. Doused with the first bucket, Root regained consciousness. Instinctively he peered at the steam gauge. "Just ninety-five pounds," he moaned.

He tested the air brake, then eased the throttle toward full open. Swaying and bucking, the flaming train careened backward. But it could not outdistance the merciless wind. Flames were scurrying along the inside woodwork of the cab; huge blisters appeared on every painted surface. Even the coal in the tender was ablaze.

Root's hands had swelled so much that he found it hard to bend his

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fingers. Each fresh blast from the pursuing inferno rocked him on his seat. He fell from it so often that he lost count.

Each time, McGowan threw water on him and lifted him back. Between his forays into the front of the cab, the fireman retreated to his shelter and emptied the bucket over his own head.

Back in the coaches, most of the passengers wept and moaned. One man kissed his wife, then jumped through a window into the flames. Two elderly Chinese, crouched near an open door, refused to move in spite of warnings. They burned to death where they knelt. O. Rowley, general passenger agent of the Winnipeg & Duluth Railroad, staggered off the train. His body was later found near the tracks.

Sobbing and gasping, Jim Root stopped the train. Though he could not see through the smoke, he knew from landmarks beside the track that Skunk Lake had been reached. His passengers staggered down, ripped barbed wire off posts, and plunged into the 18 inches of slimy water. Root himself was too far gone to make it.

When they pulled his hands off the throttle, the skin stayed on the iron. His hair and eyebrows were burned off, his face was one livid blister. There seemed little hope that he could survive his terrible burns, but McGowan insisted on dragging him to the pond. Dawn found Root breathing but unconscious—unable to see the twisted iron scattered along the track, all that was left of his crack limited.

Jim Root lived, yet never came close to establishing a high-speed railroad record. Perhaps he didn't need to, for, crawling backward at an estimated 18 mph, he had saved *50 lives a mile!*

Lines for Living

The world is not interested in the storms you encountered, but did you bring in the ship? —WILLIAM MCFEE, *Tales of Hoffman*

There is no man living who isn't capable of doing more than he thinks he can do. —HENRY FORD

Perhaps parents would enjoy their children more if they stopped to realize that the film of childhood can never be run through for a second showing. —EVELYN NOWN

Friendship consists in forgetting what one gives and remembering what one receives. —DUMAS THE YOUNGER

You've got to do your own growing no matter how tall your grandfather was. —ANON

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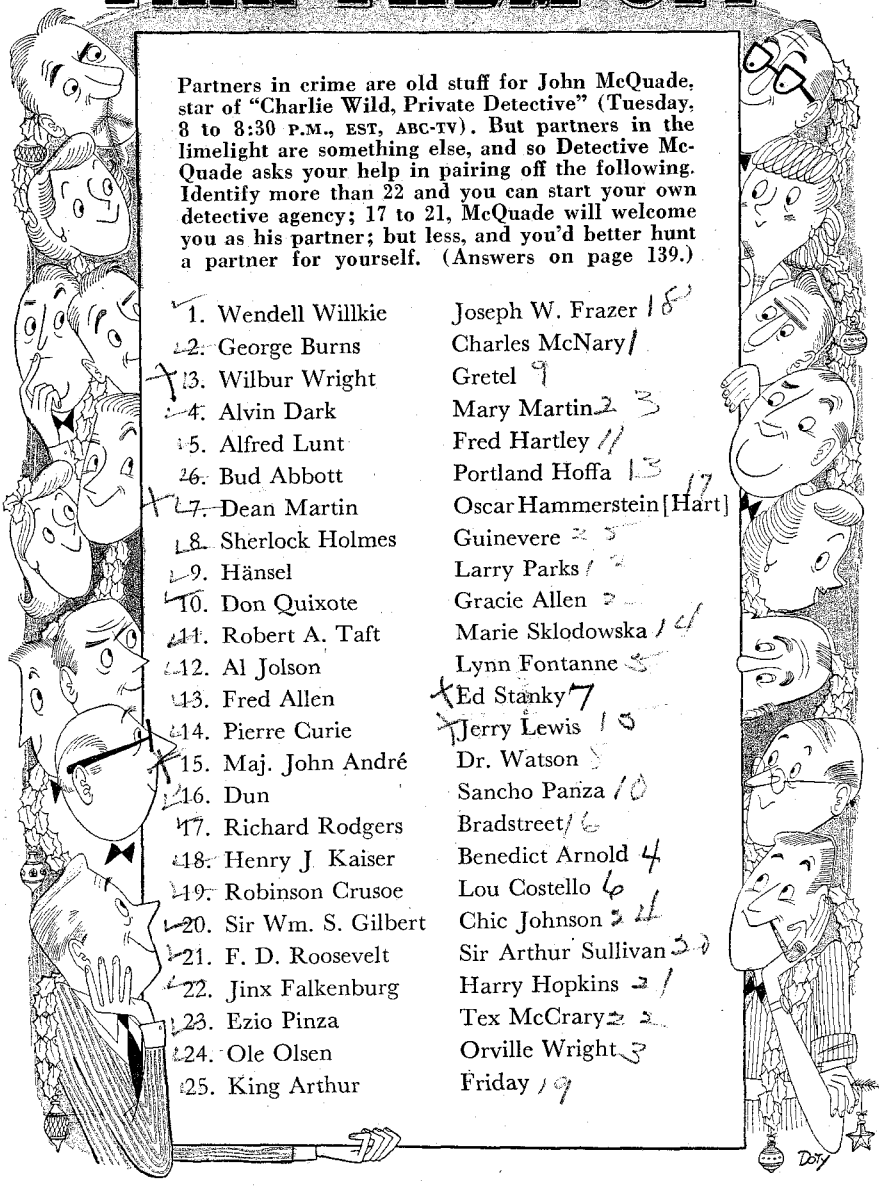
PAIR THEM OFF



Partners in crime are old stuff for John McQuade, star of "Charlie Wild, Private Detective" (Tuesday, 8 to 8:30 P.M., EST, ABC-TV). But partners in the limelight are something else, and so Detective McQuade asks your help in pairing off the following. Identify more than 22 and you can start your own detective agency; 17 to 21, McQuade will welcome you as his partner; but less, and you'd better hunt a partner for yourself. **(Answers on page 139.)**

1. Wendell Willkie	Joseph W. Frazer
2. George Burns	Charles McNary
3. Wilbur Wright	Gretel
4. Alvin Dark	Mary Martin
5. Alfred Lunt	Fred Hartley
6. Bud Abbott	Portland Hoffa
7. Dean Martin	Oscar Hammerstein [Hart]
8. Sherlock Holmes	Guinevere
9. Hänsel	Larry Parks
10. Don Quixote	Gracie Allen
11. Robert A. Taft	Marie Sklodowska
12. Al Jolson	Lynn Fontanne
13. Fred Allen	Ed Stanky
14. Pierre Curie	Jerry Lewis
15. Maj. John André	Dr. Watson
16. Dun	Sancho Panza
17. Richard Rodgers	Bradstreet
18. Henry J. Kaiser	Benedict Arnold
19. Robinson Crusoe	Lou Costello
20. Sir Wm. S. Gilbert	Chic Johnson
21. F. D. Roosevelt	Sir Arthur Sullivan
22. Jinx Falkenburg	Harry Hopkins
23. Ezio Pinza	Tex McCrary
24. Ole Olsen	Orville Wright
25. King Arthur	Friday

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Flowers by Wire Round the World

by MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

To speed its deliveries, the FTDA has almost made time stand still

A HOLLYWOOD producer's secretary clacked away at her typewriter as she half-listened to a radio interview program emanating from a French liner docked in New York. The announcer, chatting about the celebrities aboard, casually mentioned that the ship would be sailing in 15 minutes.

With that, a horrible thought struck the secretary. Her boss' mother was on that ship and everyone had forgotten to send flowers to her stateroom!

Frantically the secretary phoned the Los Angeles florist shop of Eddie Borcherding. Even as Borcherding jotted down the details, he picked up another phone and put in a call for Adolph Le Moult's florist shop on 28th Street in New York. When Le Moult's experienced operator heard that Los Angeles was calling, she quickly opened her direct line to Le Moult's branch shop on the French Line pier.

Thus, as the producer's secretary was giving the order to Borcherding, it was being relayed across the continent to the florist on the New York pier, who instantly started working on it. The gangplank was about to go up when Le Moult's messenger dashed aboard with a box of lovely flowers, found a friendly steward, and asked him to do two things: (1) make sure the lady received the flowers, and (2) tell her that the box had been put in the wrong stateroom.

Total elapsed time from sudden, horrible thought in Hollywood to incredibly efficient delivery, plus white lie, aboard the French ship in New York harbor: 12 minutes.

Hundreds of times a year the 9,000 U. S. and Canadian members of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, which wired more than $32,000,000 worth of flowers in 1950, make time almost stand still. In fact, they've done it so often they don't consider it much of a trick any more. Certainly, to hear them, you wouldn't rank it with the trick of creating the world's first stable universal currency—a feat that had defied generations of international bankers.

Shortly after World War II, FT-

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DA officers got together with representatives of British Interflora, which has some 1,800 members in Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, and Africa, and delegates from Fleurop-Interflora with 7,500 members in European countries.

After much deliberation the ingenious florists came up with a new universal currency based on a mythical coin. They called it the "fleurin." It is worth a Swiss franc on the Continent, an American quarter in the U. S. and Canada, and one shilling nine pence in the British-sterling countries.

International clearing houses in Detroit, London, and Zurich add up the accounts for each country in fleurins and balance against this sum the value of outgoing orders. The net difference is credited in the currencies of the lands which received more orders than they wired abroad. Then individual florists whose accounts show net balances in their favor are paid off in their own currency.

Thanks to this ingenious method, it is possible today to wire or radio flowers to just about any point on earth, including the Soviet Zone of Germany—the first iron curtain land that Interflora has penetrated successfully.

To keep the confidence of the public, Interflora officials zealously follow up even the slightest complaint. Not long ago, an American charged that the flower order he had wired to his mother in a small town in the interior of Yugoslavia had not been delivered.

Detroit notified Zurich, which in turn contacted the florist in Belgrade who had wired the order to a florist near the town.

The Belgrade florist made up another $15 order, carefully iced it, and set out to deliver it. He found that the small-town florist had died suddenly. The unopened telegram was still on his counter.

The Belgrade man delivered his flowers personally, made handsome apologies to the mother of the American, and returned to Belgrade after a total of 12 hours on a hard train seat.

INGENUITY HAS BECOME almost second nature to FTDA members. One Mother's Day during World War II, a South Dakota florist found himself with 22 overseas servicemen's orders for towns as far as 85 miles from his greenhouse, and his gas ration nearly exhausted. Railway express seemed the answer, except that the only train running that day was a limited which didn't stop at any of the villages.

In desperation he called railway officials until finally he found a divisional superintendent who was ready to drive a few dispatchers crazy for the sake of Mother's Day. The limited was flagged down at the seven crossroads towns and the flowers delivered in time to keep FTDA's reputation intact.

When a florist receives a telegraphed order to deliver a funeral wreath, he always checks local obituaries. He has known too many cases where friends and relatives only *thought* the person had died.

Women who want him to wire the potted plants or umbrellas or packages they have in their hands are gently given the facts about flowers by wire.

If flowers are not delivered as ordered, local FTDA representatives

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investigate and write searing reports which may lead to the offending florist's being thrown out of the association. More than 50 were thus dropped last year.

On at least one occasion, however, an undelivered order didn't bring a single complaint. The "Officers and Men" of a certain battalion in a Southern training camp wired a spray to the funeral of Mrs. Jones. Her son, Pfc. Willie Jones, was already on his way home on emergency furlough.

When the order reached the nearby florist, he called the Jones home and said sympathetically: "This is a florist calling. Could you please tell me the time and place of the services for Mrs. Jones?"

"Who told you Mrs. Jones was dead?" gasped a man's voice at the other end of the line. The florist read him the telegram. A silence ensued, to be broken by Mr. Jones' groan: "The things that Willie will do to get a furlough!"

When Willie returned to camp, officers and men of the battalion had a fine time observing him on two weeks of KP duty.

Most florists are incurable romantics at heart and are happiest when their telegraphed bouquets play a vital role in the blossoming of a romance.

Kenneth J. Eitel, a florist of Greencastle, Indiana, recalls with pleasure one he saved from foundering. A senior at nearby DePauw University was engaged to a Chicago girl. Somehow they got into an argument—so serious that when the collegian tried to phone her, the girl refused to accept the call. In desperation, he came into Eitel's shop about 5 P. M.

"Kenny," he pleaded, "you must help me. I've put in a call to her for 5:45 and I think if I can get a dozen roses to her before it goes through, she'll accept it."

Eitel checked the FTDA membership listing for Chicago and found a florist a few blocks from the girl's home. He phoned the florist and before giving the order asked him to have his helper get a cab. The cab was held while the roses were being boxed and a card was written. The flowers were delivered at 5:35, and in the ten minutes before the call came the young lady softened considerably.

The couple were married soon after, and it is presumed that the accommodating florist was given the order for floral decorations.

Round Figures

A CUSTOMER in a TV shop watched demonstrations on various sets. On each the salesman tuned in Faye Emerson's program and the prospect studied Miss Emerson's famed plunging necklines with admiration before finally making up his mind to buy a television set. "What size do you want?" asked the salesman.

"Oh," said the customer absently, "a 38, I guess."

—Tales of Hoffman

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Holiday Highlights

FOR MANY YEARS a famed film figure has solved the problem of what to give people who "have everything" with the following:

Go down to a poor neighborhood. Take along the sum you intended to spend for Christmas. Go to any small grocery, any doctor or dentist in the neighborhood. Ask who is farthest behind in his bill—preferably someone about to be cut off from credit. Pay that bill or part of it. Make a note of the name and address of the beneficiary. Send the "fellow who has everything" a Christmas card. Write on it:

"You have paid $10 on the account of John Doe, who is the father of five children and was $30 behind on his food, doctor, or dentist bill. Merry Christmas." —IRVING HOFFMAN

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE asked their maid if she had hung any mistletoe at her home.

"No, suh, not me," she replied. "I've got too much pride to a'vertize for the ordinary courtesies a lady has got a right to expect."

—*Capper's Weekly*

THE GREAT department stores suddenly and inexplicably found themselves bereft of customers on the last day of Christmas shopping. Clerks loafed behind counters while store executives, in a frenzy, exchanged hurried phone calls with the head men of rival stores and discovered the condition was universal.

Finally the denouement: everybody had for once obeyed that familiar slogan: "Do your Christmas shopping early."

—NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate*)

WE HAD A WONDERFUL TIME Christmas Eve after the kids were tucked into bed. Just the two of us—me and the electric train.

—ARTHUR GODFREY

FROM HIS LIST of Christmas wants, young George read: "A drum, a pair of roller skates, a loud tin horn, and a cap pistol." His friend Willie asked, "What's the idea of asking for all that junk?"

"To make money," George replied.

"With that stuff?" Willie scoffed.

"Sure thing," replied George. "Mother will pay me not to beat the drum and Dad not to leave the skates on the upstairs landing. Sister's beau will bribe me not to blow the horn behind the living-room sofa and Grandmother will make it worth my while not to shoot off the cap pistol. What do you think of that?"

Willie tore up his own list and tossed it away, exclaiming, "Lend me your pencil!" —HOWARD HERRICK

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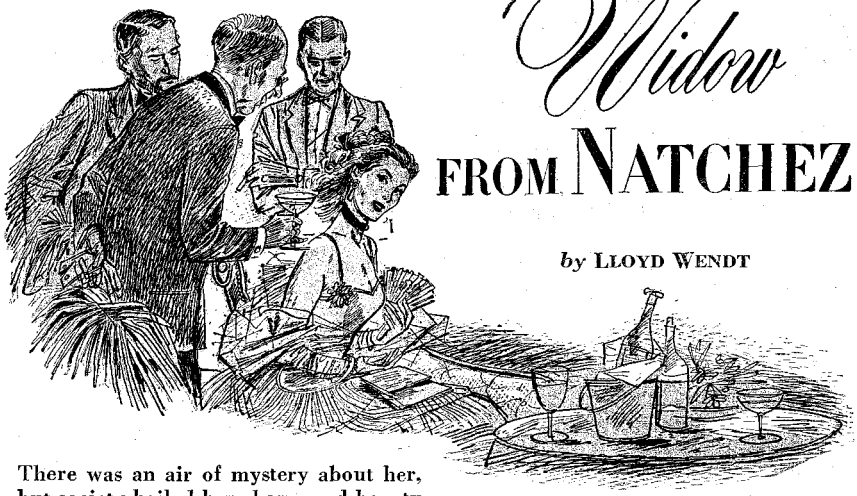
THE *Seductive Widow* FROM NATCHEZ

by LLOYD WENDT



There was an air of mystery about her, but society hailed her charm and beauty

SOME 25 YEARS AGO, Chicago's Gold Coast society found itself entertaining a lovely young woman from Natchez, Mississippi, whose beauty and warm Southern accent gave even jaded dowagers a thrill. At charity bazaars, formal dinners, and fancy balls, Lulu, the girl from Dixie, was belle of the town.

Eager matrons surrounded Lulu as she told stories of her travels and of plantation life. Drab husbands turned courtier when she was about, and Chicago's gay blades planned costly campaigns to win her favor. Even the famous criminal lawyer, Clarence Darrow, dined with her.

Unlike most beautiful women, Chicago's charmer was camera-shy. An air of mystery surrounded her. Cinderellalike, she often disappeared from a party just before midnight. Then, one night, at the height of her dazzling social triumph, she disappeared forever from Chicago. Some of her friends sought her later in Natchez, without success.

Since no glass slipper had been left behind, the quest ended—ended, that is, for all but one, Detective Leonard C. M. Johnson, chief of the criminal bureau of a Chicago investigative agency. Johnson found Lulu. What he learned about her secret has been locked all these years in his files. Even now, he won't disclose her true name, for he made a bargain with Lulu, a bargain each has kept.

He calls her "Mrs. Cummings," which is only one of her many aliases. She was, he says, one of the most handsome confidence women he ever met. She came to Chicago not

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from a Natchez plantation, but from a shady past in Louisville.

It all began with a telephone call to a swank Chicago hotel. Mrs. Cummings of Natchez was on the wire, requesting the finest suite for herself and her maid. She would arrive next morning. Such were her requirements, and so dulcet were the tones of her Southern voice, that the clerk connected her with the manager himself.

When Mrs. Cummings appeared at 10 A.M., Mr. Brown, the name we must give the manager, awaited her. Trim, of medium height, her black curls framing a silver turban, she fixed her blue eyes on the room clerk and announced: "I am Mrs. Cummings of Natchez."

Mr. Brown proudly escorted her to her lavish suite and assured her that she would lack nothing. She rewarded him with an impulsive touch of her jeweled hand, and juleps were ordered.

For the next few weeks, there was a special excitement at the hotel. Mrs. Cummings was a busy woman. Salespeople, accompanied by models, flocked to her apartment, followed by messengers carrying gowns and furs. Jewelers appeared, bearing cases of gems.

Now and then, much to Brown's annoyance, other men appeared, but he ignored the pangs of jealousy as best he could. He also ignored Mrs. Cummings' overdue bill. Brown felt that a discussion of finances with the gorgeous widow was as unthinkable as mentioning his own wife and three children.

Meantime, Mrs. Cummings was getting about in Chicago society. Especially she liked to attend charity benefits, selecting only those sponsored by the best people. When husbands were present, she sometimes borrowed from them to buy a trinket or two, and promptly forgot the loans. Somehow, this heedlessness of money simply added to her charm.

Soon, it seemed that no society affair was complete without the glamorous Mrs. Cummings, and her friends began to feel they had known her a long time. She invited several of them to her Natchez plantation, and more to her hotel suite. The latter invitations, however, were mostly restricted to gentlemen.

IT WAS MR. BROWN'S jealousy that finally undid Mrs. Cummings. When he learned about the nocturnal callers, his anger steeled him sufficiently to ask her to pay her bill. This she did, with a whopping check. She also convinced Brown that her callers came merely to advise her on business problems.

Next day, Mrs. Cummings went on another shopping spree. She bought lavishly, and paid old bills with checks, or with cash that she had "borrowed" from her many admirers. If a credit department seemed reluctant, Mrs. Cummings always knew some official of the firm who was eager to initial her check. Returning to the hotel, she told Brown she was short of cash and induced him to take another check, one that would pay for her suite two weeks in advance and still leave her a few thousands for spending money. The hotel now had almost $10,000 of Mrs. Cummings' checks, while some $40,000 more were scattered about Chicago.

That night, Mrs. Cummings told Brown she had to go to Louisville

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for two weeks. She would write or phone him every day, she promised.

Mrs. Cummings' departure, with a train of baggage, didn't worry Brown. She had promised to come back and he was sure she loved him. Besides, there were other trunks full of finery in the suite. It wasn't until the checks bounced that Brown knew he was in trouble. He couldn't raise $10,000 himself, and was forced to report the desperate situation to the hotel president.

This individual, never having looked into Mrs. Cummings' eyes, was quite cold about the entire affair. He wanted his $10,000, and telephoned Detective Johnson. He refused to fire Brown, however, since he didn't want the scandal known. Besides, Brown had promised to help crack the case.

Detective Johnson got a description of Mrs. Cummings, but was unable to locate a picture of her anywhere. When he opened one of Mrs. Cummings' trunks, he found only newspapers and old books.

Johnson checked the hotel records. Fortunately, many of the telephone numbers Mrs. Cummings had called were listed on record sheets. Johnson traced some of the numbers to prominent Chicago men. Some admitted cashing her checks, but they wanted to forget the whole thing.

An interview with the hotel porter produced a lead. Mrs. Cummings had checked luggage to the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. Johnson telephoned the Waldorf. There was no Mrs. Cummings registered, but they did have a Mrs. Fitzmaurice of Lexington, who seemed to fit Mrs. Cummings' description.

Johnson took the next train to New York. He found that Mrs. Fitzmaurice had hastily departed after receiving a telephone call from Chicago. The trail led to Miami. There Johnson learned that Mrs. Fitzmaurice had telephoned Chicago before she checked out. This call could be traced—to the hotel managed by Brown. Johnson then knew that the lovelorn Brown was aiding his quarry.

A Miami baggage check disclosed Pittsburgh as Mrs. Cummings' next destination. In that city, Johnson visited newspaper offices. He knew three of the woman's aliases—Mrs. Cummings, Mrs. Fitzmaurice, and the name of a congressman to whom she claimed to be related. Under the last name he found a picture of Mrs. Cummings at the Havre de Grace race track in Maryland with a rich Pittsburgh businessman.

The steel tycoon admitted knowing "Mrs. Cummings" under another name, but denied having seen her recently. Next, armed with the photograph, Johnson visited Natchez. Mrs. Cummings was known there, all right, but merely as a rich Northerner interested in real estate.

Back in Chicago, Johnson restudied the case. Mrs. Cummings' habit of summoning "businessmen" to her suite interested him. Johnson's aides, supplied with copies of the photograph, visited brothels in Chicago, but they got no information. Then Johnson recalled that the woman had told Brown she was going to Louisville.

There, Johnson had his first luck. A madam remembered Mrs. Cummings under another name. Of a poor Louisville family, she had shown great aptitude for social graces and a fondness for race tracks.

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Johnson went to Lexington, since the widow, under the alias of Mrs. Fitzmaurice, had claimed residence in that town. And there, in the lobby of a leading hotel, Johnson saw Mrs. Cummings for the first time. He followed her into the elevator, stepped off with her, and walked past as she entered her room. Then he knocked on her door.

As she stood before him in robe and slippers, with dark curls about her shoulders, Johnson could understand Mr. Brown's emotions. She was beautiful, and she looked most demure and innocent.

"I'm Detective Johnson of Chicago," he said. "I've come to talk about those checks."

"Oh, yes," she said readily. "Those checks . . . a terrible mistake! One of my employees didn't transfer my account."

"You can tell that to the police," Johnson said.

"Please," she urged. "Don't call the police! I couldn't stand the disgrace! My poor family!"

"I've just been to Natchez," Johnson said. "I must tell you your family passed away."

She stared at him, then smiled. "All right," she said softly. "You win. I'll phone for some juleps."

"If you phone anybody, it had better be friends," Johnson advised. "I'll wait in the lobby, and give you five minutes before I call the police."

That night, five important but embarrassed Lexington citizens called on Mrs. Cummings. Her timing was excellent. None of the gentlemen saw the others. At 11 o'clock, she telephoned Johnson. "As I told you," she said, "it was all a terrible mistake." She handed him almost $10,000, the amount she owed the hotel. "I'd like a receipt," she said.

Johnson wrote a receipt. "The police know," he told her, "but if you agree never to return to Chicago, there will be no prosecution."

"I won't," she promised. "I'm going to settle down in Natchez. If you should ever come there, be sure to call on me. I'm sorry to have been so much trouble . . ."

"There," says Johnson today, recalling the pursuit of Mrs. Cummings, "there was a lady, in a manner of speaking. You see, she kept her promise."

Draft Call

A PRACTICING Denver physician, who celebrated his eightieth birthday recently, received one of the war-service forms which the Army is sending to physicians and surgeons. One question was: "If the Army could correct any disability which you might have, would you be willing to serve?"

"Yes, indeed!" was the enthusiastic reply. —DENVER *Post*

"ALL THOSE MEN are going to make wonderful husbands someday," observed a woman draft-board head as she considered the alibis offered by draftees to delay induction.

"With all this training, just think of the interesting excuses they'll be able to give their wives when they come home late at night from their poker games." —DETROIT *Free Press*

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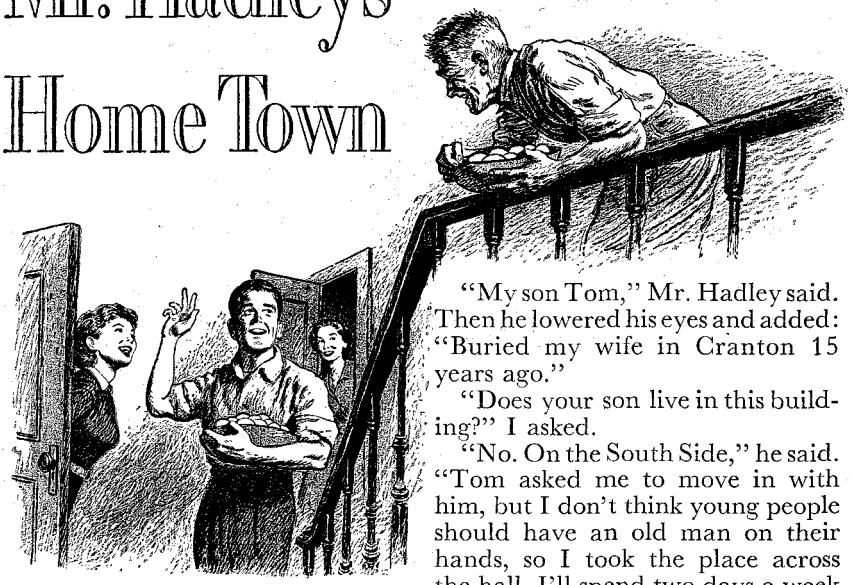
Mr. Hadley's Home Town



by DAVID LEWIS

Strangers became friends when a kindly old gentleman moved into their building

THE DAY MR. HADLEY moved into our apartment building, he came to call and my wife answered his knock. I heard him say: "Friends back home sent me some grape jelly. I thought you'd like some."

Ella sounded delighted, and asked him in. Mr. Hadley was a small, wiry man—elderly, with impish merriment in his eyes and a head of uncontrollable gray hair.

"My name's Burt Hadley," he said. "I just moved in across the hall. I come from Cranton, downstate. Sure do miss Cranton."

"What made you move to the city?" Ella asked.

"My son Tom," Mr. Hadley said. Then he lowered his eyes and added: "Buried my wife in Cranton 15 years ago."

"Does your son live in this building?" I asked.

"No. On the South Side," he said. "Tom asked me to move in with him, but I don't think young people should have an old man on their hands, so I took the place across the hall. I'll spend two days a week with Tom and his family. That way, they won't get tired of me so fast."

It was easy to chat with Mr. Hadley, and he told us a lot about Cranton. "Mostly farm country," he said. "Nice people. Take Mrs. Groton—she made that grape jelly. Her boy Harry was killed in the war."

Mr. Hadley told us of other families, and by the end of the evening, Ella and I were well aware of his warm friendships in Cranton.

Next day, I came home to find Ella in the kitchen, baking pies.

"Why two?" I asked.

"I thought I'd give one to Mr. Hadley," she said.

The following afternoon, my wife phoned me at the office. "I'm driving downtown to shop with Mrs. Preston," she said. "We'll pick you up on the way home."

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"Who's Mrs. Preston?" I asked.

"She lives upstairs," Ella explained. "Remember that pie I gave Mr. Hadley? Well, he gave half to Mrs. Preston. She came down for the recipe, and we lunched together. She's very nice."

About a week later, on Saturday morning, Mr. Hadley knocked on our door. "I wonder if you have any bowls I could borrow?" he asked.

"Certainly," I said. "Are you having company?"

"No," he said. "I got a crate of eggs this morning from Joe Watermann—his farm is ten miles out of Cranton. I thought I'd pass them out here in the building."

He was back in a moment with a bowlful of eggs for us, and he said: "Can you lend me a hand? I'm a little old to run up and down stairs."

I found it was fun to knock on a stranger's door, identify myself, and present Mr. Hadley's eggs. All that afternoon, people kept coming to return the bowls.

In the next few days, a change came over our apartment building. People who had passed in the halls for years without speaking began to spend evenings together. We had all learned something about the folks in Cranton, and we discussed Mr. Hadley's friends as if they were ours.

We also came to learn something about ourselves. When Mr. Hadley told us that Miss Carpenter (Apt. 2-C) had lost her job, Bill Manning (5-D) found an opening for her at his plant. Word traveled through the building that a son of the McCalls (1-A) was a missionary in the South, and several families sent old clothes to him. And when Mrs. Lowell (3-B) went to the hospital to have her third child, we took turns having her family for meals.

The building acquired the friendliness of a college dormitory; Mr. Hadley was everywhere in the house, linking us together into a small community of neighbors.

Then, about a year later, Mr. Hadley announced that he was moving. "My son's firm is sending him to St. Louis," he said.

The day before he moved, my wife and several other women in the building helped him pack his few possessions, and that night we had a party for him. On the suggestion of the Forsdikes (4-B), the tenants bought Mr. Hadley a watch as a farewell gift, and on it was inscribed: "To our good friend and neighbor in appreciation for making us all the same."

The spirit of Cranton which Mr. Hadley brought into the building was strong enough to endure, and all our new friendships continued with the same enthusiasm as when he was among us. Because of what he did for us, we hope that, wherever he goes, Mr. Hadley will always look back on our building as his second home town.

Spinach Surprise

The best way to eat spinach is to fatten a chicken with it and then eat the chicken. —*The Gas Flame*, Indianapolis

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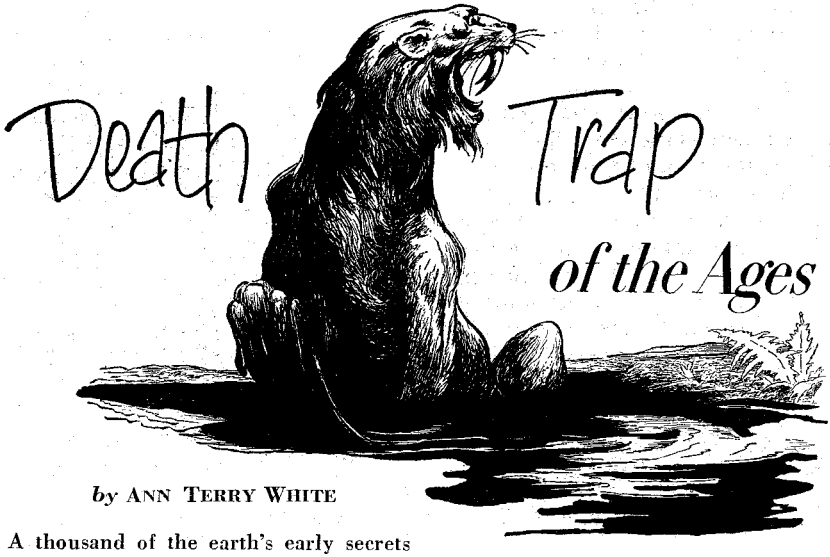
Death Trap of the Ages



by ANN TERRY WHITE

A thousand of the earth's early secrets lie buried in California's pitch pools

WITHIN THE BOUNDARIES of Los Angeles is Hancock Park, formerly Rancho La Brea. It is one of the wonder spots of earth, known to every natural-history museum in the world. For here in a huge, ever-baited deathtrap, Nature has preserved the richest bone record of the ages ever to be found.

The ranch had a Spanish name, because years back, along with the rest of California, it was part of Mexico. The ranch wasn't world-famous then. But folks knew that a black, gummy stuff came up out of the ground there. They called it *brea*—Spanish for pitch.

The gummy stuff oozed out of the ground over a space that was anywhere from a mile to a quarter-mile across. It would come up through little holes three or four inches wide. Then it would spread out into a pool. Wherever it was open to the air and got mixed with sand and dust, the pitch would harden into asphalt.

It was treacherous stuff. Around the edges the pool would be hard. A step or two further on, it would be soft. When dust covered the pool, you wouldn't know it was there; you would think it was solid earth.

Certainly plenty of beasts and birds had supposed just that, for a great many bones were mixed in with the tar. Those bones told the tale of a thousand ghastly deaths. They spoke of cattle and birds and squirrels and deer, mistaking the tar for water or firm earth and being trapped in the gummy mass. They spoke of helpless animals struggling, screaming, becoming exhausted, dying.

Major Hancock, the owner of

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Rancho La Brea, found the bones a nuisance. In the 1870s he was marketing the *brea*. It was good stuff for making pavements and was bringing him about $20 a ton. But the animal bones were a trial. The Chinese laborers who were working the *brea* had to keep getting the bones out.

At the same time, the Major couldn't help taking an interest in this waste material. Every once in a while some curious skull or tooth would come out of the *brea*. There was, for example, that tooth which his men had found 15 feet down in the asphalt. It was curved like a saber and broken at the top, but the part that remained was all of 9½ inches long.

The Major had never seen anything like it. It certainly didn't belong to a calf or a colt or any other domestic creature. Nor to any wild animal he had ever seen, either. What creature's could it have been?

One day a naturalist from Boston came out to visit the region and Hancock approached him.

"I should like to have your opinion, Mr. Denton," he said, "on a strange tooth that came out of the pitch pools."

Denton stared at the tooth as though he couldn't believe his eyes. "Great heavens!" he exclaimed.

He just stood still, turning the tooth in his hand. At last he spoke, and his voice had awe in it. "This is the canine tooth of Machairodus," he said, "the great saber-toothed cat that lived in the Ice Age."

Now it was Hancock's turn to stare. It had never occurred to him that the saber tooth might have belonged to a creature out of the far-distant past, a creature that was extinct. It gave him the chills. He felt uncomfortable in the presence of a tooth out of the Ice Age.

"You keep it," he said to Denton.

But the naturalist hardly heard him. He was thinking of what else might lie in the *brea*; of what other secrets the pitch pools held. The saber tooth was just a beginning, it was a key . . .

CURIOUSLY, for another 30 years no one took the trouble to turn the key in the lock. Even the scientists forgot the story that Denton told. At last, in 1905, a geologist from Los Angeles came to look at the pitch pools. He got together some bones and showed them to a naturalist friend.

The friend was impressed. "This place is nothing less than a Death Trap of the Ages," he said.

He dug around and picked out a few bones. "I'm going to send these to John Merriam at the University of California," he said. "Merriam is tops in identifying this sort of thing."

Merriam no sooner heard where the bones came from than he prepared to dash down to Rancho La Brea. He felt like a man who has been left an unexpected fortune.

Yet when he started to dig in the *brea* pools and pits, John Merriam saw that the treasure was far greater than he could ever have imagined. All the bone collections in all the museums of the world held nothing to compare with it for this period of time. The asphalt of Rancho La Brea housed a huge menagerie of the Ice Age.

Saber-toothed tigers with monstrous claws were there by the hundreds. Great wolves, vultures, mam-

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moths, mastodons, giant ground sloths as big as oxen were there. Bison bigger than the living American buffalo were there. Horses and llama-like camels of 40,000 years ago mingled their bones with other, more familiar creatures. Animals that the American scientists had never even heard about were there.

John Merriam worked and brought others to work with him. The scientists could not help noting how strange this menagerie was. Not only were many of the animals different from any living creature in America, but the whole character of the menagerie was different. They knew that in any collection of bones there were always more bones of herb-eating animals than of flesh-eating ones. It had to be that way: that's the way animal life was. But in this menagerie there were more flesh eaters than all other kinds of animals put together. Why was that?

Another peculiar thing was that many of the animals were either very old or very young. If they were neither of these, then they were apt to be diseased or maimed. Many a saber-toothed tiger had a saber broken off. Many of the wolves and other creatures had limbs that had broken and healed. Why was that?

Merriam had plenty of time to think about these things while he worked. He also had plenty of opportunity to observe. He watched with the greatest curiosity to see what ranch creatures would get trapped in the pools. "The present," he said to himself, "is a guide to the past. What happens here today must be the very thing that happened over and over again a hundred thousand years ago."

So he watched, and noticed that always it was a young and inexperienced creature that got trapped. Horses and cows knew enough to keep away. It was the colts and calves that got into trouble.

Young, inexperienced creatures did not test the tar cautiously. They went unsuspectingly forward until it was too late. And once in, only a creature in the prime of strength could disentangle itself.

How many times toward the end of the day Merriam would see the same act repeated! In the dim light the pitchy lake would look very much like water. Birds would come and settle on it as if on water. Little mice would run out too fast. Both would find themselves caught, bound, unable to pull themselves out. Then from the surrounding trees owls would fly down to feed on the mice and the birds. And in their turn they, too, would get caught in the gummy mass.

To Merriam it was a living example of what had been. When for the first time he saw owls coming down to feed on the entangled birds and mice, the answer to the riddle of the pools suddenly came to him. He understood why there were so many more flesh eaters than other creatures in the menagerie. The tar pools were more than just a trap. They were a trap that was forever being baited anew with fresh meat.

As in a vision, Merriam saw the cruel play that had been enacted time and again upon this spot . . .

Out of the forest glade he saw a ground sloth come lumbering along on clumsy feet. The creature is not stopping now to dig up plants with his enormous digging claws. He is thirsty. It is the deceiving gleam of the tar pool which he takes for

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water. He breaks into a trot, blunders into the pool. Then he stops short, surprised.

Angrily he pulls one gummy foot out and shakes it. He does not know that already it is too late to retreat—the other feet are sinking deeper into the tar. He struggles, struggles desperately to get free. He cannot pull himself out—there is nothing to push against, no bottom his feet can touch. He is trapped. A despairing cry comes from his throat.

Far and near that terrible cry rings. Herb-eating animals raise their heads and shudder, but the saber-toothed tigers rejoice. The wolves rejoice. The vultures rejoice. All the flesh-eating creatures hearing that cry move in the direction from which it comes.

The sabertooths stand on the edge of the pool. They watch the floundering, helpless sloth with hungry eyes. Then with a snarl one of them leaps on the creature's back, digs in his monstrous claws and with his great sabers stabs at the neck again and again. The sloth stops floundering. His terrible cry no longer fills the air.

Now a second sabertooth and a third take the fatal leap. The three snarl and fight to possess the prey. They are so busy they do not at first realize that they, too, are caught in the gummy mass. One, the strongest, pulls away. He clambers out over the back of the others, leaps to firm ground.

On the edge of the pool, wolves stand hungrily watching. In their turn they, too, spring into the baited trap—to meet the same terrible end. Now from the trees round about there comes a flapping of great wings. Vultures are coming down to feed on sloth and sabertooth and wolf. The cruel beaks tear into the living flesh. But as they do so, the flapping wings dip into the tar. The vultures, too, are imprisoned . . .

THROUGH THE AGES, thousands upon thousands of times, this same play had been repeated—one living bait had replaced another, the hunter had become the hunted. And what about man? Did man, as actor or audience, take part in these fearful scenes?

The year 1914 brought the answer. In that year, the Museum of History, Science and Art of Los Angeles County was working at Rancho La Brea. Suddenly a crisis arose. Heavy rains had filled up all the tar pits the diggers were working on. What was to be done?

L. E. Wyman, who had charge of the pits, hated to waste time. So he started digging in a new place. The spot he chose was only a little way from a large pit which in former years had given up a great many bones of extinct beasts and birds. But at the new place the tar had poured out in more recent times.

Wyman was not at all certain he would have good digging. His delight, therefore, was all the greater when there came out of the *brea* the upper jawbone of a human being. It had lain more than six feet down in the asphalt.

Wyman was terribly excited. He knew that this was an extremely important find. A great many people were asking: how long has man lived in America? This skull bone might hold the answer. Supposing it said that man had been in California during the Ice Age!

The important thing was to keep

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the evidence straight, and Wyman took every precaution to do that. He examined carefully and saved every single bone that came from the pit. He noted the exact level at which each bone was found.

There was quite a variety. Bear, coyote, wolf, skunk, weasel, horse, antelope, rabbit, pocket gophers, field mice, eagles, owls, vultures, crows, and many other forms were discovered.

But the disappointing thing was that all of these were pretty much like the creatures that live in California at the present time. There were no bones of the sabertooth. There were none of the ground sloth.

Absent were the elephants and lions and other surprising beasts that had been trapped elsewhere in the *brea*. Even the wolf was only of the timber type and not the giant creature Merriam had found.

As Wyman dug further down, he found scattered in the asphalt to a depth of nine feet nearly all the rest of the skull and some other human bones as well. All of them seemed to belong to one individual. Had this been a creature like ourselves, or was it a being of a different species?

Scientist after scientist brought his knowledge to bear on the human remains. All agreed that the bones had been those of a small person of middle age—possibly a woman. But certainly she had been a human being of the modern type, not a creature of the Ice Age.

How had death come? Had the Indian woman been terrified by a pursuing beast? Had she rushed in to save some drowning creature? Or had she merely strayed too far when bent on a simple household errand—such as getting tar to make a basket waterproof?

It was anybody's guess. The pitch pools of Hancock Park would forever hold the secret along with the thousand others in their depths.

Friend Winner

APPRAISED OF THE fact that Opie Read wanted to call on him, ostensibly to pay his respects but actually to obtain information for an article highly critical of his administration, President Theodore Roosevelt dispatched a messenger to the Library of Congress for copies of Read's books, then issued a cordial invitation to their author to visit him. That night he gave the books a careful and sympathetic reading.

The following day, Mr. Roosevelt greeted his visitor with a big smile. "I am very happy to meet you," he said. "There is a character in your novel *The Jucklins* that interests me, and I want to ask you about him."

Thus did one of the friendliest men who ever sat in the White House open a cordial, and manifestly sincere, inquiry about the works, ideas, the dreams of a self-admitted adversary. After the visit Read declared of Theodore Roosevelt: "No man in the world has enough money to get me to write against that man!"

—ANDREW MEREDITH

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Picture Story

TROOPSHIP

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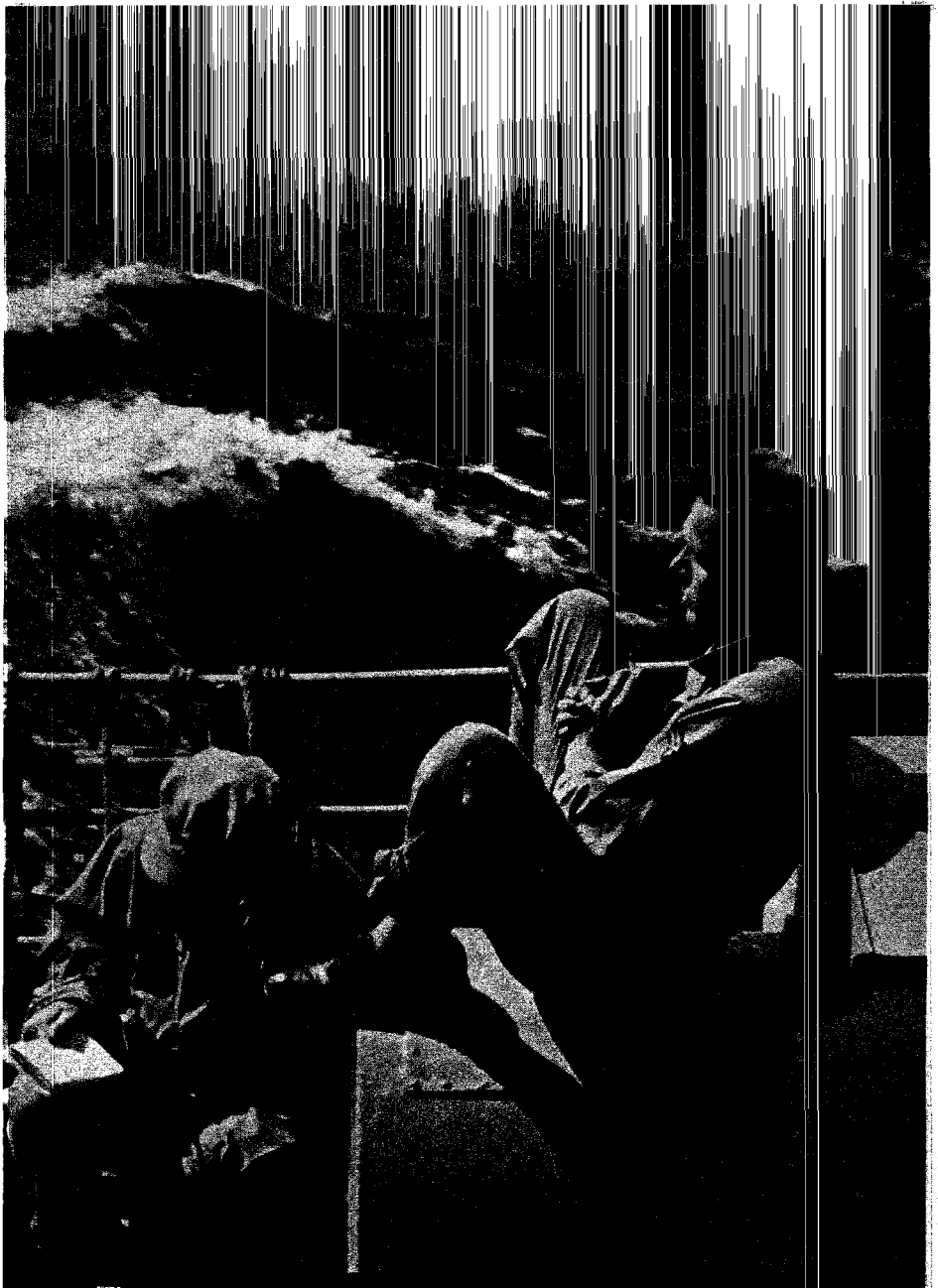

The voyage is almost over. I sit on deck, feeling the sun on my face, thinking . . . remembering back nine days . . . Boots pounded the gangway all that morning; voices bellowed: "Shake it up, soldier!"

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It all seemed like a lot of fun then . . . one big circus. A GI near me shouted, "See you in Hoboken," to nobody in particular . . . the squawk box's first, "Now hear this," was drowned by laughter . . .

. . . but the laughter only came from our throats. Beneath all those uniforms, we were jumpy . . . scared. On some faces, it was plain as day. And when the ship throbbed, plenty of hearts throbbed with it.

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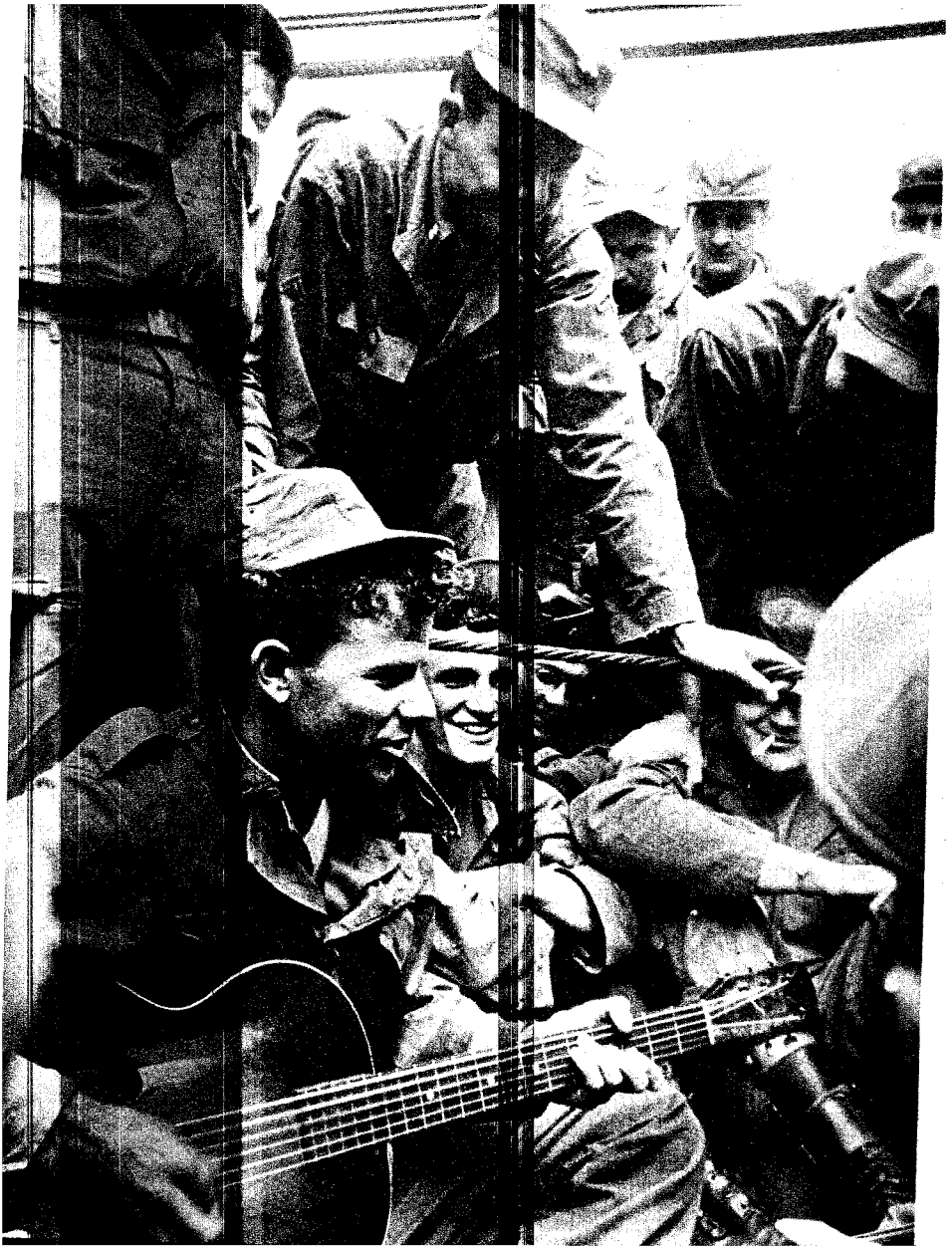

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Almost anything was good for a laugh . . .

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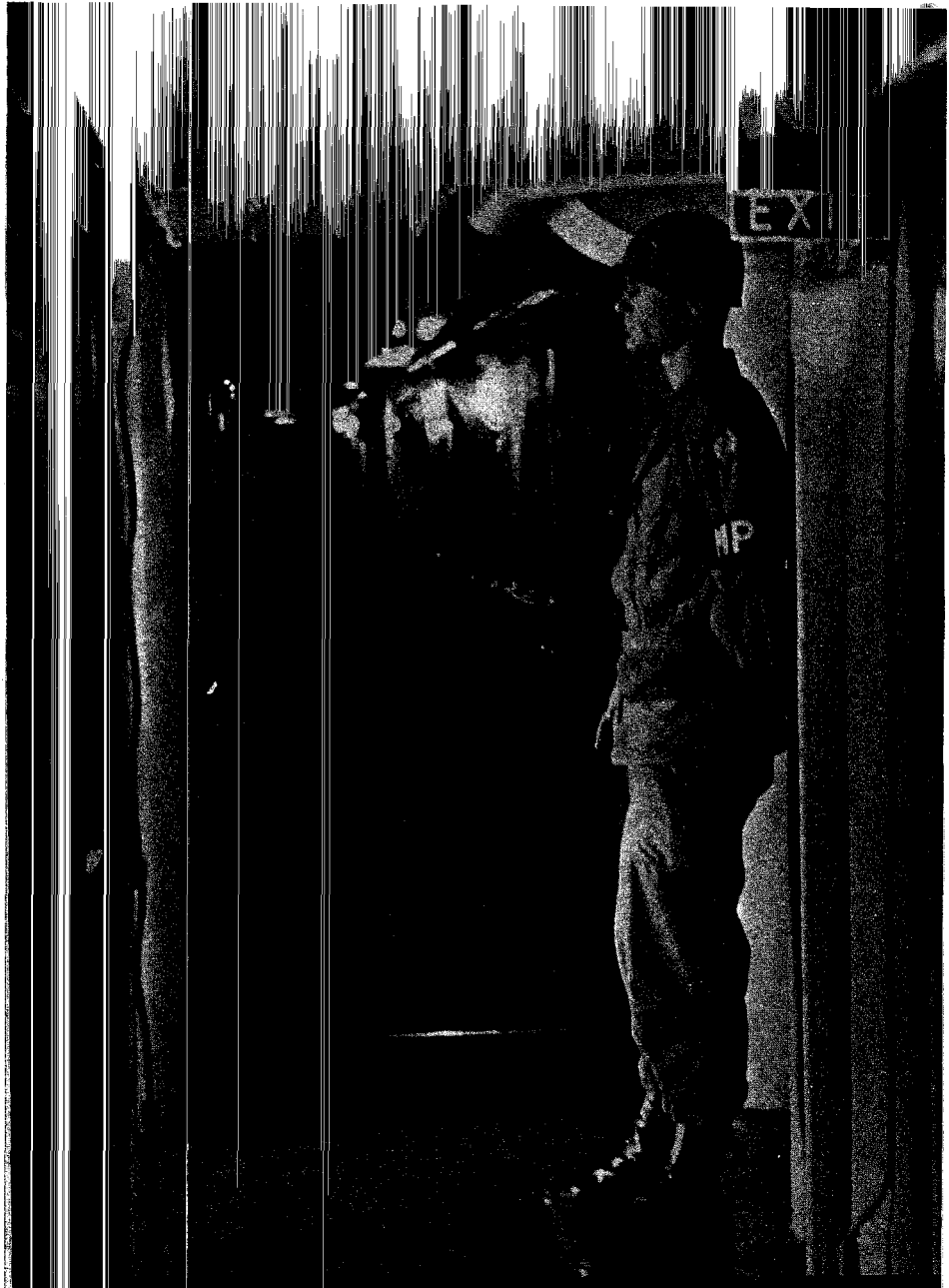

At night, the companionways are deserted . . . the smoking lamp is out. There's only the gentle heave of the ship, the swish of water. Memories come flooding back . . . a farewell party, the girl . . .

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Guys who had never done anything more serious than cleaning carb
retors were wondering . . . *what the hell am I doing here?* You co
almost see it in their faces.

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Here were a thousand different men from a thousand different places. The guy who could crack wise about anything . . .

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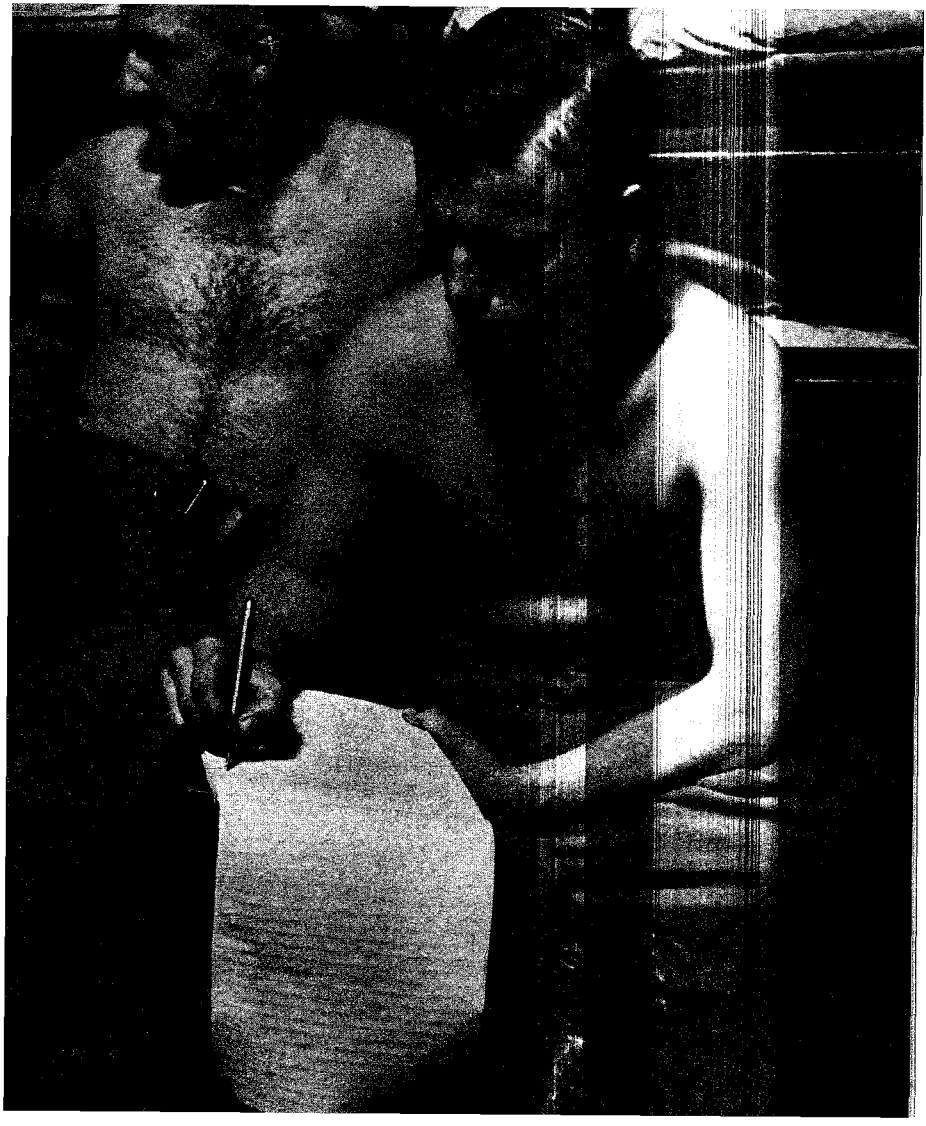

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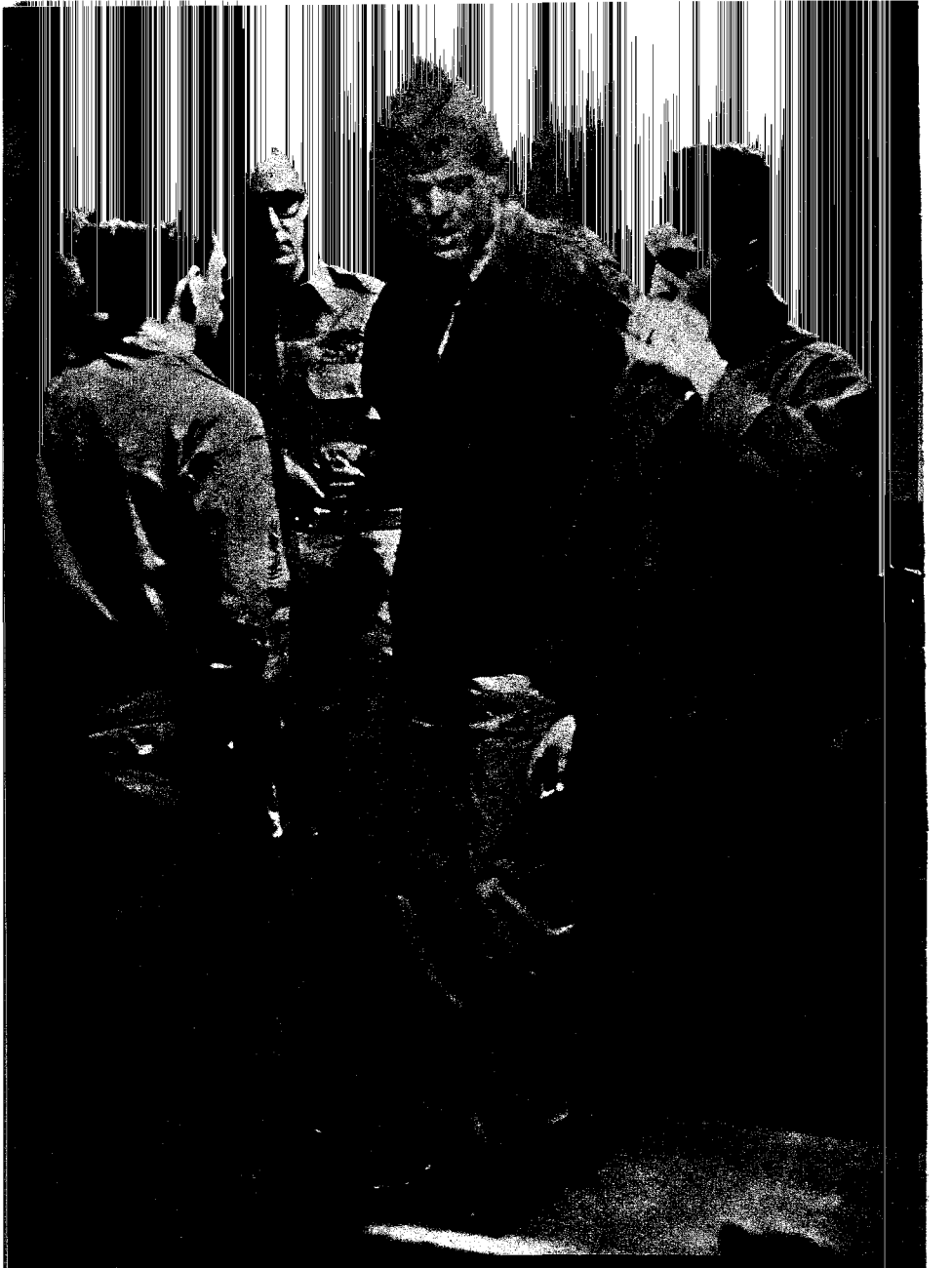

Last-minute briefings stretched into the small hours. Even during long periods of silence, nobody made a move to break them up. Then someone would think of another point . . . and another . . .

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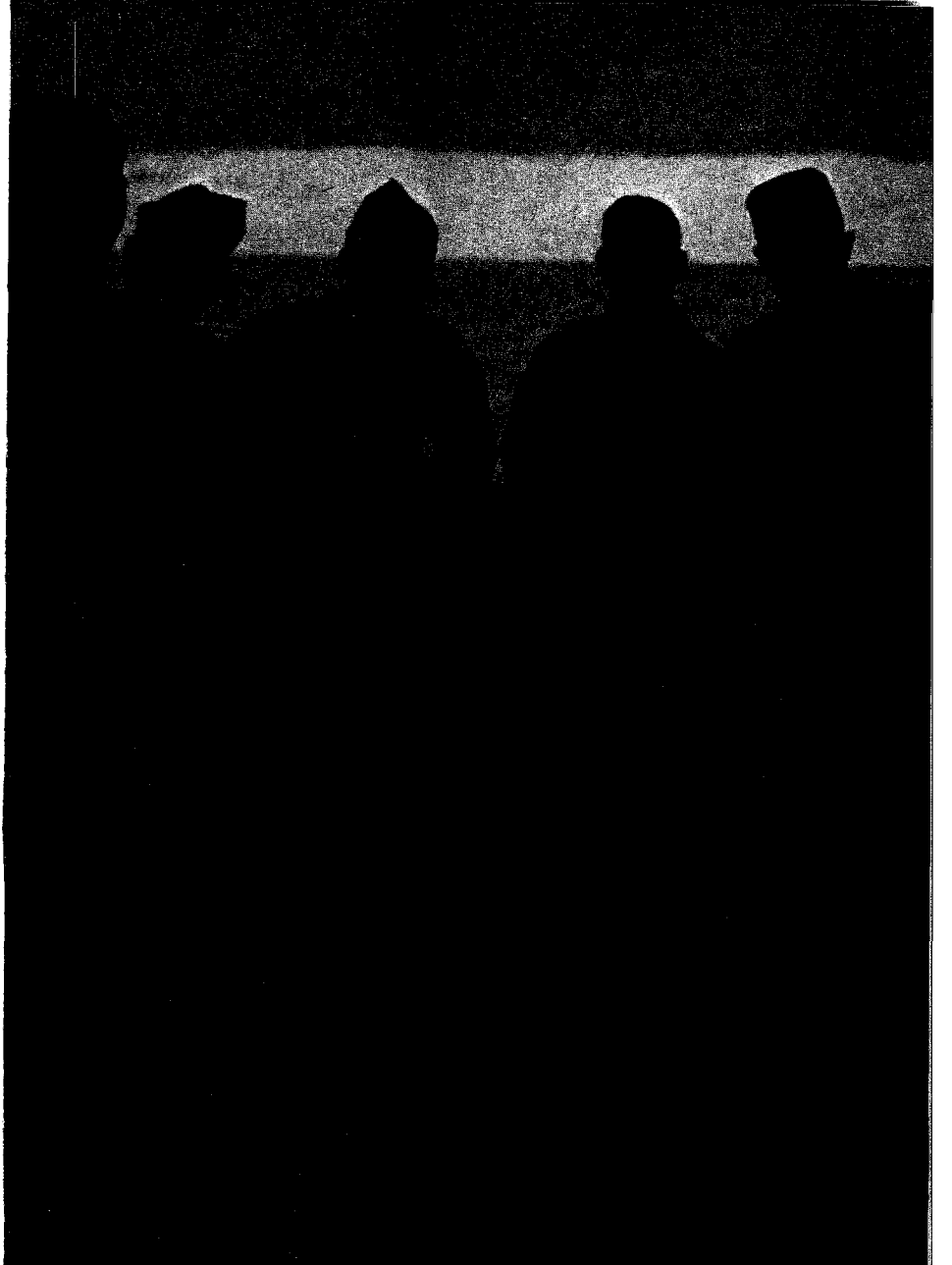

The last dawn . . . only the sea is unchanged now. Beyond that hazy horizon lies the Great Adventure . . .

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seems, had initiated the distinguished British naval officer into the mysteries of his favorite game and had won $40 from his enthusiastic acolyte.

Some time later, when Mr. Schwab was about to put his car at the disposal of Marshal Foch of France, he told Joe very sternly: "You're going to have with you one of the greatest men in the world, a man who was commander-in-chief of the Allies. I don't want a repetition of what happened with Admiral Jellicoe. So don't try to entice Marshal Foch into a game of craps."

Joe pondered for a moment, then said: "I won't challenge him, Mr. Schwab. But if he done challenge me, I won't allow no one to sweep me off my front porch."

—G. S. HELLMAN, *Lanes of Memory* (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)

"BUT, MADAM," exclaimed the detective, "didn't you suspect that burglars had been in the house when you found all the drawers pulled out and their contents on the floor?"

"Oh, no," answered the lady readily, "I just thought my husband had been looking for his socks."

—*Pipe Dreams*

IT WAS HER FIRST public appearance in her lovely new fur coat and she was pleased when an acquaintance complimented her on it and asked what kind of fur it was.

"It's a mutation mink," purred the proud owner.

"Oh, well," comforted the well-meaning acquaintance, "what do you care?"

—ELEANOR CLARAGE

UPON BEING SERVED turkey at the Mission on Christmas Day, the underprivileged child accepted all that was offered.

"Now," said the hostess, "would you like some of this nice stuffing?"

"No, thank you," the child replied, adding, "and I don't see why the turkeys eat it either."

—*American Legion Magazine*

WHEN I SAW three-year-old Robert strike his little brother, I scolded him, adding, "It is wrong to strike anyone, especially one younger than you are."

"He isn't so young," Robert said thoughtfully. "He has teeth."

—MRS. DEAN STROUD

A WIDOW recently married to a widower was accosted by a friend who laughingly remarked, "I suppose, like all men who have been married before, your husband sometimes talks about his first wife?"

"Oh, not any more, he doesn't," the other replied.

"What stopped him?"

"I started talking about my next husband."

—ROBERT WALDEN

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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IN DEFENSE OF Mothers-in-Law

by THOMAS CONWAY

As a class, they've been maligned and ridiculed, but they're really quite human

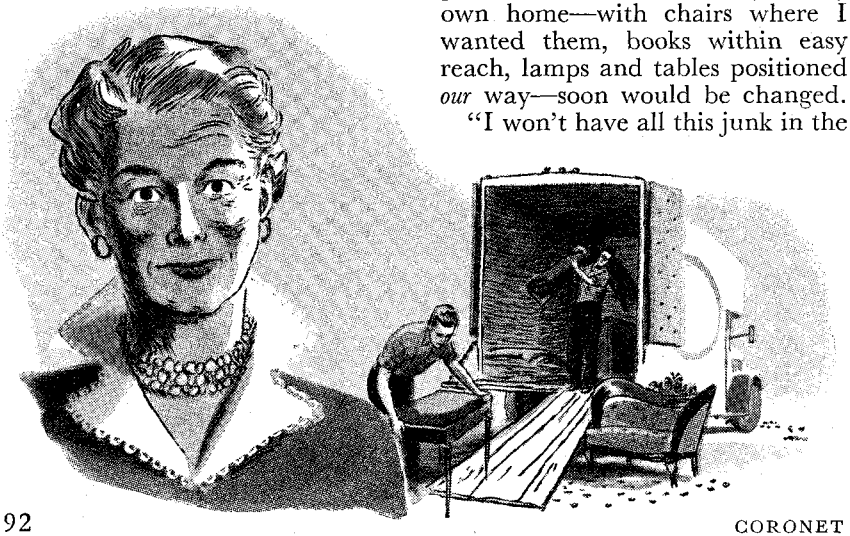
WHEN IT WAS first decided in our family councils that my widowed mother-in-law would come to live with us, I was apprehensive. She was brisk, efficient, cheerful, and genuinely fond of our three children; but I had heard too many jokes about mothers-in-law and I darkly suspected that, once established in our home, she would become grouchy and domineering, like her counterpart in fiction.

I was reminded by heavy humorists that a famous newspaper editor had referred to his mother-in-law as "the standing army," and that the so-called "Society for the Suppression of Family Interference" blames 3,000 divorces yearly in England on interfering in-laws.

Under this rigorous conditioning, I expected trouble—and Moving Day justified my suspicions. My mother-in-law arrived with a trailer truck which disgorged furniture, packing boxes, crates, and cardboard containers of all sizes.

I foresaw what was going to happen. The warm familiarity of my own home—with chairs where I wanted them, books within easy reach, lamps and tables positioned *our* way—soon would be changed.

"I won't have all this junk in the



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house," I told my wife. "It either goes into the cellar or the attic!"

A few days later, however, I noticed a fine antique chair beside the hall mirror. "How much did that cost?" I asked my wife.

"I hope you like it," my mother-in-law replied nervously. "It's just something I brought along."

I admitted that it was quite nice. Then, gradually, supplementing but not overwhelming our own furnishings, lamps, pictures, and some other first-rate pieces appeared here and there about the house. I had to concede that I was more pleased than distressed.

It was even more mollifying to find that some of her more formidable looking crates contained garden implements and home-repair tools. And the children were overjoyed when she got around to opening the cardboard boxes. They were jammed with "dress-ups."

THUS FAR, my home had survived, intact and even improved, but I still had reservations. This was only a skirmish—not the campaign. Once my mother-in-law was settled down, I feared she would set out to run the family.

On the surface, we were self-consciously polite to each other, but more than once it was all I could do to restrain myself when she began interfering, especially with the children's discipline. Once, after she had punished the two girls by telling them not to leave the house, I deliberately suggested that we go in the yard and play softball.

"We'd rather not, right now," they said. "It wouldn't be very nice to Grandmother."

The girls not only respected her, it developed; they also loved her. Nevertheless, I still didn't like the way she seemed to take over my wife in the kitchen and garden. I could hear crisp orders being given as some mysterious culinary operation was carried out, and I could see a determined attack on the flowers with hoe and trowel.

Then, one evening, several things happened all at once. I came home to find the transplanted garden larger, cleaner, and more colorful than I ever remembered it. And at dinner, when I exclaimed contentedly over the dessert peaches, I found they had been home-canned by my mother-in-law. Further, the mysterious kitchen orders had been her initiation of my wife into this thrifty art.

But later in the evening, no doubt emboldened by the successful dinner, my wife pressed for the new linoleum which would cost almost $200 for our oversize kitchen.

This had long been a delicate topic of family discussion, and I still held out against the expense. "I don't like to interfere," my mother-in-law said hesitantly, "but if you asked my advice. . . ."

Here it comes, I thought. After six months of ingratiating herself, *now* she's ready to interfere and take me over, too!

"I wouldn't spend so much right now," she continued. "Why not compromise? There's a special type of kitchen rug that's much cheaper, and we can lay it ourselves. It will do for a year or more for only $15."

I suddenly realized that she wasn't trying to mind *my* business but *our* business, since this had become her home, too.

In my mind, I added up the

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other little "interferences"—tending the baby while my wife shopped, letting her catch a nap during the day, serving so much more efficiently and lovingly than any maid could.

I summed up, too, the more important things that I had begrudged her, and saw them in a different light: how she had gradually become the tactful compromiser in family discussions, supporting me more often than her own daughter; how she had been a buffer between parents and children, between child and child.

Quite suddenly, I found to my surprise that I *liked* my mother-in-law very much.

Though too many jokesters offstage and on haven't changed their ways, I am convinced that, more and more, today's mothers-in-law are getting fairer and friendlier treatment. Certainly, my own experiences and those of many of my friends point that way.

For one thing, most any man will find, as I did, that his mother-in-law will bring with her at least a quarter of a century's more know-how in home repair and management than many young couples possess. When she can't do the job herself, she most probably knows the easiest and most efficient way of getting it done. In my own case, I prize my mother-in-law's knowledge, at the going rate for handymen, at a minimum of $1 an hour. And I can make no estimate on the intangibles of happiness and harmony which have been deepened by her addition to our family.

Of course, I realize that there must be bad mothers-in-law, just as there are bad husbands and wives. I agree with marriage counselors who say that while a young couple is going through the precarious period of mutual adjustment the best mother-in-law is the one who stays away. But for normal and mature families, the increasing acceptance of mother-in-law is a heartwarming development.

As American families adapt themselves to new economic patterns of living, rising costs make the services of "an extra hand," a nursemaid or a domestic almost prohibitive. But at the same time, with the country aging perceptibly, more and more older people are available to fill the need.

Here is a twin opportunity to bring a loved one, not a stranger, into the home and at the same time give *her* the precious feeling of need as a second mother, a "technical adviser" on home management, and a tactful balance wheel of family relationships. It is tragic that, in so many cases, the only bar to her presence is a lingering, uncivilized residue of suspicion and bad jokes.

Christmas on the Map

Christmas, Fla.
Hollytree, Ala.
Mistletoe, Ky.
Noel, Va.

North Pole, N. Y.
Santa Claus, Ind.
Snowflake, Ariz.
Yule, N. Y.

—Lester A. Bach

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He Wrote His Name on a Star

by FRANK SIEDEL

From an Ohio strawberry patch, Leslie Peltier won world renown as an astronomer

IN THE YEAR 2336, thousands of American housewives will slip a few extra energy pills into their purses for a family picnic aboard an interplanetary spaceship. At the launching platforms, little lost boys will be found again in time to catch the special which will whoosh them 16 million miles into space for an eyewitness view of the return of the Peltier Comet.

And on the trip out, the spaceship hostess will keep the children quiet by retelling the wonderful story of the farm youth from Delphos, Ohio, who, in the 20th century, sat in a strawberry patch and wrote his name on a star.

In 1916, Leslie Peltier was an ordinary 16-year-old farm boy. Ordinary, that is, except that he had a taste for books on astronomy, and more than anything else in the world he wanted a telescope.

About the time the strawberries were ripening in Allen County, he saw in the mail-order catalogue the picture of a two-inch telescope, "so powerful you can count the flies on the back of a cow a mile away." The price was $18, a sum ordinarily well beyond his reach. But strawberries were beginning to ripen in Allen County. And $18 divided by the berry-picking rate of two cents a quart equals 900 quarts—which is how many strawberries Leslie picked that summer.

It took seven more weeks for the telescope to come; but on the evening of its arrival, his world was enlarged by several billion amazing celestial acres. From sunset until dawn, Leslie lay on his back in the

From *The Ohio Story* by Frank Siedel. Copyright, 1950, by The World Publishing Company, Cleveland and New York.

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meadow and probed the majesty and wonder of the inscrutable sky. He separated the stars of the Milky Way, saw the craters of the moon, and caught his first sight of the rings of Saturn.

Now one of the greatest mysteries of the heavens has always been the phenomenon of the variable star. Certain faint stars burst into brilliance, and just as suddenly recede to their normal magnitudes, invisible to the naked eye. There aren't enough professional astronomers to chronicle the behavior of all the variable stars, so the amateurs have taken over the job.

In the Western Hemisphere their reports go to the observatory at Harvard University, where scientists assemble them in a never-ending effort to learn the haunting secret of the eternal ebb and flow of the light cycles of the variable stars.

Leslie became a volunteer in this cause. If you wanted to see him after dark, you were usually directed to the meadow out back.

LES PELTIER had to quit school in his junior year: he was needed at home. It was pretty hard to take for a boy who had set his heart on getting a diploma, but Les redoubled his stargazing to make up for the disappointment. Night after night, he made out his neat reports to Harvard Observatory.

In January, 1919, there came a letter from the director of the observatory, complimenting him on his reports, and telling him that Harvard would loan him a four-inch telescope.

Now there was really important work to do. Les had to build an observatory worthy of the Harvard telescope. He selected a site in the middle of the strawberry patch. From his meager savings he bought lumber, and in his precious spare time began putting together a box of his own design, ten by fourteen by eight feet high. Then he built a circular track inside the box and mounted his homemade dome on roller-skate wheels so he could revolve it through 360 degrees.

"Les, it's beautiful," his friend Tom Shelby said. "What can you do with this baby that you couldn't do with the other one?"

"Just see further, study more stars, send in more important reports. Why, I might even discover a comet or something!"

Now you can figure Leslie Peltier's chances of discovering a new comet if you are familiar with the habits of those elusive, heavenly phenomena. They usually travel a long, elliptical orbit, one end of which is visible from the earth. It may take as many as 500 years for a comet to complete a single cycle.

The final odds are the most fantastic of all. The comet crosses only a tiny sector of all the vast universe that is visible from the earth, and then it appears only as a blur among millions of stars.

"And if you do," Tom asked, "the comet's yours?"

"Not necessarily," Leslie explained. "You still have to chart its course and get word to Harvard before several hundred other people, who may also see it."

"What if you do find one?"

"They put your name on it—forever."

And so, in the strawberry patch, there began the unceasing vigil. From 1921 until 1925, every clear

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night found Leslie at his telescope. By day he was a factory worker and a good one.

At 10:45 on the frosty night of November 13, 1925, Leslie kept his lonely watch. He had long since learned to make his way among the states and counties of the sky.

It was time now to quit for the night. One more traverse across Orion—elevate to Betelguese, and that would be. . .

A cloudy point of mist in the lens brought every cell in Leslie Peltier's lean body screaming to attention. It hadn't been there last night. He rotated the lens. The fuzzy object didn't rotate with it. That was characteristic of a comet.

He wanted to run to the phone. But he must be sure. An hour would tell whether it was just some strange and distant nebula or an honest-to-goodness comet streaking through space at hundreds of miles per second. In an hour it would move enough to tell.

The longest hour of Leslie Peltier's life was before him. He stepped outside, flapped his arms from habit to ward off the cold. He pestered his watch, held it to his ear.

At quarter to 12, Delphos slept, unaware of the drama taking place in the strawberry patch. Leslie reentered his observatory. At 14 minutes to 12 he was out again, streaking for the house.

He grabbed the phone. "Get me Harvard University Observatory!"

In the world that night hundreds of professional scientists were searching the sky with instruments worth millions of dollars. To any of them it would have been a thrilling climax to a career. But this was Leslie Peltier's comet.

Leslie worked harder than ever after that. In 1930, 1932, and again in 1933, he discovered more new comets. His regular job now was designing furniture for a Delphos firm, but at night he designed himself the reputation as America's greatest amateur astronomer.

Peltier's big discovery came on May 15, 1936. And when people talk about *the* Peltier Comet, this is the one they mean. Long before it was visible to the naked eye, Leslie told the thousands who later saw the comet that it was on its way. And sure enough, on July 1, the brightest comet since Halley's burst into view and grazed the earth by a mere 16 million miles—and they called it Peltier's Comet.

Leslie was summoned to Harvard University and given the Award of Merit of the Association of Variable Star Observers, the first such honor to be accorded in the history of the organization. On June 12, 1947, the university nearest Delphos, Bowling Green State, conferred on Leslie Peltier the degree of Doctor of Science. And all of this for the farm boy who sat in a strawberry patch and wrote his name on a star.

How "R" You Doing? (Answers to puzzle on page 25)

1. Rally; 2. Rice; 3. Ruse; 4. Race; 5. Rash; 6. Rout; 7. Raid; 8. Roar; 9. Rapt; 10. Raft; 11. Rudder; 12. Rear; 13. Rage; 14. Rill; 15 Rasp; 16. Reel.

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CHICAGO'S HAVEN FOR PETS

At all hours of the day and night, the Anti-Cruelty Society

by OLGA DAVIDSON

ON A CHILL GRAY morning recently, between 11 and 11:15, the following incidents occurred in the lobby of the Anti-Cruelty Society's headquarters at 157 West Grand Avenue in Chicago:

A cabby delivered, with unexpected tenderness, a disabled pigeon and collected a 55-cent fare. Two incoming phone calls informed the Society of alleged abuse of dogs; an outgoing call advised a dog owner that his pet had been found and was waiting for him.

A man approached the desk with apologetic air, trailing a frisky dog of no breed, and asked the Society to find a new home for it. A bent stray from the human species came in and requested permission to view the receiving kennels in the hope that he would find his lost pet.

A nurse in white uniform veered in her course to avoid a woman carrying a shivering pup wrapped in an afghan. A staff veterinarian called a name, and a workman in shabby clothes led a limping dog into a consultation room.

This was not an extraordinary quarter-hour in the life of the Anti-Cruelty Society but a reliable sample of its everyday activities. Resident attendants are ready at all hours to receive stray creatures. And to more than 50 kennels maintained in police stations and public parks by the Society, lost, strayed, or injured animals may be brought at any time, to be picked up by the organization's busy trucks.

The Anti-Cruelty Society was founded on the principle that all living things are deserving of kindness. And no single Society task is more impressive than the clinical care it offers, usually free, to sick animals whose owners can't afford a private veterinarian. Out-patient care (and the Society uses this human term without self-consciousness) has always been part of its service to animals since its foundation more than 50 years ago.

In the early days, limited resources restricted the aid that could be given free, but today the well-equipped operating and treatment

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IN TROUBLE

is ready to minister to the needs of anything from a sick pup to a stray ocelot

rooms are available to all who offer assurance that they cannot afford similar service in pet hospitals. And in emergencies the Society makes no distinction between the anxious master who brings a stricken animal in a limousine and the humble person who walks blocks with his pet in his arms.

THE POLICY WHICH governs the clinic is much like that governing any free dispensary supported by private donations from members. If the Society dispensed its services too freely, it would not only burden its own resources but would incur the displeasure of veterinarians for miles around. That this painful situation has been avoided is evidenced by the fact that Dr. W. A. Young, managing director, has been a popular president of the local veterinarians' association.

The Society puts few limits on the help it offers fee-practicing veterinarians in the way of sharing facilities and new techniques. For example, Dr. Young has developed special instruments which he generously makes available to the profession in cases of emergency.

Until recently, it was common practice to operate on an animal that had swallowed a foreign object. Today the knowing pet owner is apt to snatch up the sufferer and make for the clinic as fast as gasoline will bring him.

The patient is promptly given an anesthetic and put under a fluoroscope. Dr. Young maneuvers one of the special instruments into the animal's mouth and throat, delicately grasps the offending object, and extracts it. There is no surgery, no postoperative shock, and no fee.

A common form of surgery practiced in the Society's hospital is the Caesarian section. Increasingly, certain breeds of modern dogs are becoming incapable of giving natural birth to puppies, and many a fine litter has been lost that could have been saved by Caesarian operation. In Dr. Young's opinion, nobody should have a dog bred who does not understand the simple

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fact that if the first puppy does not appear at the end of four or five hours of labor, the mother is in danger, and science must aid her.

The stream of patients has steadily increased, amounting last year to some 11,000. Not all are brought by their owners, for many injured strays or wild animals and birds are rescued by a compassionate public. Squirrels fall and break bones. Dogs and cats are injured in traffic. Calls describing such casualties reach the Society almost every day.

The Society maintains a careful adoption program—careful because it is most discriminating in disposing of its charges. For example, no dog is ever placed in a tavern (where watchdogs are frequently needed) unless the owner or a caretaker lives on the premises, or in stores and factories unless there is a night watchman. If a lonely watchman wants a dog for companionship, the Society gives him one and blesses the arrangement.

For several years, the Society has offered Chicago youngsters a handsome barter. In exchange for an air rifle, pistol, or weapons of larger bore, it proffers a camera—under the recognized humane principle that the world would be a better place if people confined their shooting to pictures. Surrendered weapons are on display at headquarters, and average 100 a year.

Since all kinds of animals are accepted at the shelter, some present special problems. Skunks are not favorite guests, but they are never excluded. Monkeys can stir things up, and usually do. And recently, the Society got a call from a police station, asking it to send somebody to listen to the weird story of an Italian fruit vendor, who said an enormous wildcat was crouching in his wagon.

At the station, Dr. Young listened to a voluble account of how the vendor had gone to the stable to harness his horse, heard a snarl, looked inside the wagon, and felt his hair rise. Inside was a wildcat—big as a lion.

Young did not affront the narrator by disbelief, since from the vendor's story he was fairly certain that somehow an ocelot had wandered into the peddler's neighborhood. When they reached the wagon, this conclusion proved to be correct. The animal was taken to the shelter and caged, and eventually the owner was located. However, ocelots are still listed as the most infrequent guests of an always-tolerant Society.

Anticipating

A DANCING TEACHER told his pupil she must always be on the alert in order to follow perfectly. She was so anxious to please that she tried to anticipate his every movement and frequently went into the step without

waiting for his lead. Finally, when she almost threw him off balance, he ventured: "Pardon me — but aren't you anticipating?"

"Why, no," returned the pupil, "I — I'm not even married." —*Murray-Go-Round*

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MOVIE DOCTOR IN THE OPERATING ROOM

by MARTIN ABRAMSON

THE FRAIL YOUNGSTER on the stretcher gritted his teeth as they wheeled him into the operating room. When the surgeon came toward him, he smiled bravely—then burst into tears.

"I want to walk again—just like other boys," he sobbed.

The surgeon patted his arm. "You will, Jerry, you will. We're going to take care of you." Then, turning to a nurse, he asked, "Where's 'Doc' Hackel? I don't want to start without him."

A few moments later, a husky, energetic man hurried into the room, and while the boy looked on with mingled awe and fright, "Doc" Hackel dug into a black leather case, and pulled out—not surgical instruments but a compact motion-picture camera. Then merciful anesthesia blacked out Jerry's consciousness, and both the surgeon and Hackel went to work.

The surgeon, attempting a new technique in an operation for infantile-paralysis victims, transplanted part of a healthy tendon from one side of the youngster's foot to the part that was paralyzed. Throughout the long operating session, Hackel's camera ground away, recording every deft movement of the hand, every turn of the instruments.

Not long afterward, doctors from all over the nation, meeting in Chicago for the American Academy

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of Orthopedic Surgeons convention, were studying the new operative technique on 16mm film so that, when necessary, they would be able to duplicate it.

Although the title "Doc" is strictly unofficial, Joseph P. Hackel has become an extremely important factor in medical science. As head of the Medical Film Guild, he has produced thousands of pictures in the past 20 years, bringing the latest medical advances virtually to the doctor's door.

In 1948, his movies were viewed by more than 30,000 doctors at conventions and by thousands more who attended hospital staff conferences, clinic conferences, or meetings of county medical societies. This service cost them nothing, since organizations interested in fostering medical education have set aside grants to support Hackel's work.

On occasions, surgeons en route to perform operations have dropped in at 167 West 57th Street, New York, where Hackel maintains headquarters, to take a last-second peek at the technique employed in similar operations by masters of the scalpel. And because of the nature of his work, the "doctor" of photography gets nearly as many emergency calls as the average M.D.

Hackel, who began his career in 1921 as a movie photographer and engineer, was detoured into the medical field in 1930 when his mother died of heart disease.

"Up until that time, I didn't know a scalpel from a thermometer," he explains. "But then I began studying the field and discovered that doctors in one part of the country were ignorant of techniques developed months back somewhere else. I decided then to use my camera to help science."

Other pioneers had attempted to photograph operations, but their equipment was too bulky, they couldn't produce the right lighting effects, and they had no magazines which could hold enough film to cover a long operation.

Hackel devised a compact camera which could hold film for more than two hours and boasted exceptionally high-power lenses and sighting devices. To relay the most delicate internal surgical action to his lens, he devised a series of miniature lenses and mirrors, as well as tiny lamps that could fit into the narrowest apertures of the human body.

Having licked the most difficult technical problems, Hackel found himself faced with human ones, for surgeons angrily rejected his first offers to photograph their techniques. Finally, he managed to convince the staff at one New York hospital to allow him to shoot a brain operation.

A few minutes before operating time, the chief of surgeons walked in. "I didn't know about all these lights," he said. "I think we'll call off this experiment."

"Oh, no," Hackel pleaded. "I think the lights will clarify the field of vision. And I'm sure they have a germicidal value, too."

The surgeon hesitated. "Well, all right, if you think so, doctor," he agreed. Hackel was dressed in surgical white, and the chief had mistaken him for the surgeon in charge! The experiment succeeded and Hackel's work caught on.

Once an operation is under way, the film doctor will stand for no interference. "If a surgeon moves

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into your field of vision during a crucial scene," he wrote recently in a book outlining medical cinematography technique, "command him to get out of the way. You can apologize later."

PROBABLY THE MOST impressive performance the medical cameraman has turned in to date came when he completed a 55-minute film of a new brain operation to cure the dreaded Parkinson's disease, commonly called palsy. The extremely delicate operation was the removal of a portion of the brain immediately adjacent to the motor cortex, and Hackel's pictures of it have been shown at hundreds of medical meetings.

The film doctor occasionally runs into opposition from his subjects. Once, a woman who objected to being a "guinea pig" stormed, "My operation is personal. I don't want it shown to the whole world."

"You'll be helping medical education," Hackel told her. "Put yourself in the place of the next patient who might be aided by these pictures."

The woman replied softly, "Go ahead. Take your pictures."

"Doc" Hackel's experience has given him a great insight into medical skill, and over a 20-year stretch he has run into a host of heart-warming stories which emphasize the importance of his films to the individual patient.

His favorite began with a telephone call from a doctor in an Army hospital, who asked if he had any good films on plastic surgery.

"I've some excellent ones showing all the latest techniques, as well as before and after shots."

"Good!" the doctor exclaimed. "Bring them right over. As a last resort I want to try psychology on one of my patients."

The patient was a World War II veteran whose face had been badly injured by a land mine. Returned to a hospital in the U. S., he became morbid, and talked of suicide.

"I'll never look like a real man again," he told the doctors.

Hackel's films, which showed some extremely successful plastic operations, helped the GI to change his mind about things. His despair gave way to confidence and he finally entered the operating room cheerfully. A few weeks later, he looked like a "real man" again.

And That Was That

A SPRY OLD SOLDIER enlisted for service in the home guard. An independent spirit unaccustomed to the new military ways, he gathered a few nasty shocks in the course of his training, culminating in a stiff reprimand from a young officer for failing to clean his rifle.

"Hmm, you're an old soldier, I see," the officer testily observed. "I presume it has been years since you have been reproved. Can you, by any chance, remember back that far? Tell me, what was your offense?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I can remember," the veteran replied. "It was for not cleaning my bow and arrow."

—SIDNEY TENNANT

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THE EAGLES TAKE CARE OF Heroes' Families

by CAROL HUGHES

Their long-range children's program is a *living* memorial of the finest kind

IN MASSILLON, OHIO, a war-widowed mother of four children, ranging in age from five to 12 years, had just about reached the end of her financial rope. One of the children had been hospitalized for months, horribly scarred from an upset pail of boiling water.

Bills were piling on top of bills. The bank was being forced to foreclose upon the small home which her husband had bought before he left for the war. Now she faced the final and terrible decision of placing her children in an orphanage or putting them up for adoption.

When one day a man appeared at her home and told her he had come to help, the grief-stunned mother retorted angrily: "Please go away! I haven't any money to buy anything."

When the man assured her that he was a representative of the Eagles' Memorial Foundation, her husband's lodge, and that there were funds available to take care of her hospital bills and help her keep her home together, the shabbily-dressed mother broke down and cried.

"I didn't know there was help anywhere on earth," she kept saying over and over.

The Memorial Foundation, supported by the Eagles, paid her bills, ordered plastic surgery for the scarred child, and made mortgage arrangements with the bank. She was told that her children need not worry about schooling, since there would be a college fund waiting for them when they were ready. Said the grateful mother:

"But how on earth did such a miracle happen?"

The case of this war-widowed mother is only one of more than 1,000 in which the Eagles have come forward through their living Memorial Foundation to be foster fathers to the helpless families of men who died for their country. It is, in words recently placed in the *Congressional Record*, "the most humanitarian undertaking of many in the history of the Fraternal Order of Eagles."

Today the Eagles, with a membership of more than 1,000,000 and some 2,000 subordinate units, are

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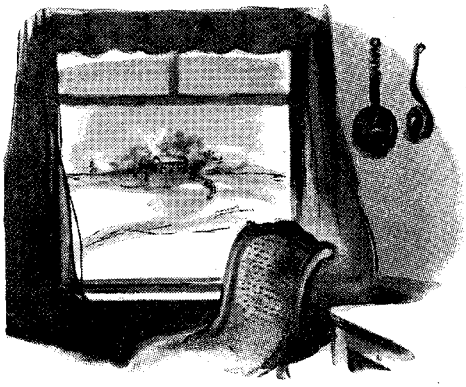

actively taking care of 1,302 children who lost their fathers in World War II. They are paying medical and educational bills, and in many local cases are going far beyond the scope of their Memorial by giving birthday parties and playing Santa Claus. As one Veterans Administration official puts it:

"They are proving in a thousand ways that the greatness and lasting goodness of a living memorial can have no comparison to a dead monument in a city square."

The Foundation came about through a series of events. During the grim war days, the Eagles, like other groups, made promises to their members who marched off to war. As strange new names appeared in the newspapers—Guadalcanal, the Solomons, Anzio beachhead—so did the names of Eagles who had died there. The grief of members left at home grew as they saw widows and children turning to relief organizations for help. The promise of "until you return" had become forever.

The Eagles, always known as a benevolent society, began to seek a solution. "What can *I* do?" became a constant question. Each knew that, as one man, he could not support the family of his lost lodge brother. Then, in their searching, they came across an article in CORONET urging a national program of *living memorials*.

At a meeting in Convention Hall, Chicago, in 1945, Matty Brown, managing organizer of the order, made this plea: "Let's help build the children into strong, healthy, educated youngsters, so that they may become useful and active citizens in their own communities. What better way can we serve the men who have served us by giving their lives?"

Applause swept the staid old hall. Men surged toward the rostrum, holding checks and money aloft. At that one convention, $277,000 was raised. Since then, funds have been augmented by the Ladies Auxiliaries, by Memorial Foundation seals sold once a year, and by generous citizens who are not members of the Eagles.

The words of the living memorial are inspiring: "Dedicated to be of perpetual service as long as there is an America, because as long as there is an America, there will be an F.O.E. All Eagle friends may be justly proud of their loyal support to this project for Child Welfare. For this is a living memorial dedicated to improving the lot and welfare of children forever."

As soon as the convention closed, a search was started to locate children eligible for help. This was not as easy as it sounds, since people were scattered due to the misplacements of war. The first case to come

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under Foundation care was one that served to inspire greater efforts.

Bill Finnearty was married in 1931. He and Jean, his wife, had been youthful sweethearts in Athens, Ohio. As the family grew, Bill remembered his own childhood as one of 14 children with no advantages or hopes of proper schooling. So he and Jean determined to give their children a chance.

Their two boys and a girl got individual attention and good clothes and, as they grew up, Bill determined they would go to college. He bought a cottage and, to insure the children's future, Bill worked all day in a garage and spent off-hours at night hauling coal.

When the war came he went abroad as a private in the 112th Infantry, 128th Division. He wrote every day from overseas. "All he ever lived for was me and the kids," said Jean.

On February 13, 1944, there was a terse telegram from the War Department. Bill was missing in action. Another followed. Bill had been captured in the Battle of Bastogne and had been killed in January, 1944, in an air raid at a transit camp in Luxembourg. It was Bill's three children who were the first to receive aid from the Memorial Foundation.

Two of the youngsters needed operations. Jean had buckled down to be father and mother to her children, but with medical bills piling up and payments due on the cottage, her hopes for her family had faded. The Foundation stepped in, paid for the operations, arranged for dental bills. Now the Linden Aerie, No. 2252, in Columbus, Ohio, keeps an eye out for Bill's kids on their birthdays and plays Santa on Christmas. Not long ago Jean wrote the Foundation:

"I don't see how I could have managed without the Eagles. God bless them and the Foundation!"

THE OPERATION of the Foundation is a careful, thoughtful task with no tinge of "just charity" about it. The funds have increased today to more than $3,000,000, but not a person serving in the administration receives a penny. Workers donate their time happily; trustees are some of the nation's leading lawyers and financiers.

There are no hidebound rules governing the use of funds. The program's operation is as simple as a mother calling a doctor when her child is sick—any doctor she chooses in her community. The Eagles get the bill and pay it. But the Foundation goes beyond the mere waiting for illness to strike. Children are sent yearly for a complete medical and dental checkup. And beyond this, the Foundation undertakes many individual programs.

There are speech lessons for children with oral defects, as well as the correction of physical deformities. The Eagles provide optical care and furnish glasses when needed. It is a program with a heart, one that seeks to find any unhappiness that may be retarding a child.

In one case, an eight-year-old girl suffered from crossed eyes. The child had withdrawn completely into herself—her school work was retarded, an inferiority complex was ruining her life. The Eagles sought her mother's permission for an operation. It was successful, and the mother happily wrote:

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"Mary is now leading her class."

While the Memorial Foundation is one of the largest enterprises ever undertaken by the Eagles, their history of benevolence is a long and honored one. All over the U. S., in large cities and small, are buildings which bear the letters F.O.E. (Fraternal Order of Eagles). Nonmembers, when passing, often ask: "What is it?"

Briefly stated, the F.O.E. is a national, nondenominational fraternal order. It is one of America's greatest benefit-paying organizations. More than 1,000,000 members are affiliated in an order that bears the banner of liberty, truth, justice, and equality. While these words sum up the ideals and objectives of the organization, they are no mere symbols. As a cab driver in New York said: "Them Eagles is quite a bunch of guys."

Franklin D. Roosevelt, a life member of the Buffalo (N. Y.) Aerie, said it with more dignity when, as President of the United States, he signed the Social Security Act in 1935. The Eagles had fought long and hard for this Act, and as Roosevelt presented the Eagles with the pen he used, he said:

"I have long noted with satisfaction the F.O.E. sponsorship of social-justice legislation, both in the states and in the nation. Our countrymen owe the Eagles much good will for their unselfish service."

The order's founders were six men—John W. Considine, Mose Goldsmith, John Cort, Harry Leavitt, Arthur Williams, and Tom J. Considine. They met for the first time on February 6, 1898. They were theatrical men who sauntered over one Sunday to the tideflats of Seattle and sat down on a lumber pile to form a "Seattle Order of Good Things."

The following Sunday they invited a few friends to meet in the Bella Union Theater to see what "good things" they could promote. They called themselves the Fraternal Order of Eagles, and as John Cort said, when the traveling actors moved on and formed another group in another city, "We called the lodges Aeries because an eagle's nest is an aerie."

The Aeries mushroomed in 53 years to more than 1,800 all over the U. S., Canada, and Hawaii. The theatrical background broadened to include the butcher, the grocer, the judge, the lawyer, the doctor, the businessman, the civic leader. An Eagle may be anyone—your neighbor or your President—as four Eagles have been. An Eagle may be a celebrated sports figure like Jack Dempsey, or a great American in an entirely different field, the late Father Flanagan of Boys Town.

He may be a member of Congress, as many are and have been—but whoever he is or whatever he is, when he joins the Eagles he holds to that much-broadened "good things" program and his ideal is one of public service.

IT WAS NO SURPRISE to Eagles in 1948, when they celebrated their golden anniversary, that instead of resting on some fine achievements, they ended up with the slogan: "Hats off to the past, coats off to the future."

The Foundation calculates that 1962-63 should be its peak year for the scholarship program. In that year, 503 of the children already

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registered will be of college age. The Eagles are ready to meet this challenge with faith and fortitude, for outside their own organization, from nonmembers, have come heart-warming contributions.

One donation was sent by Bill Katalinas, a Pennsylvania coal miner, who wrote: "I am sorry that I cannot send more. I am the father of 14 kids myself. I am working in the mines, but the mine is not steady work just now. As soon as I can send more I will." Enclosed were three one-dollar bills.

A veteran in St. Petersburg, Florida, sent along his cash with a note: "Cheerfully donated to help the children of my fallen buddies." He is totally and permanently disabled.

The Eagles through their Memorial Foundation have won wide support from leaders of labor, government, and the Veterans Administration. Judge Farabaugh, who until recently devoted most of his off-hours to administering headquarters at South Bend, Indiana, summed up the feeling of the Eagles who participate in the program: "I have been at law for more than 40 years and not many things have touched my heart. But this project, the work of helping children grow into better citizens, has given me a satisfaction I have never known."

The satisfaction of the mothers, and the moving force that keeps the Eagles on their job, is told by a widow in the hills of Kentucky. " 'My son will go to college,' his father always said. And now he *will* go, from funds bequeathed from the hearts of the Eagles."

Super-psychology

A MAN WAS WALKING in Boston with a friend when a beggar put the "touch" on them. Digging in his pocket, the friend held out an assortment of coins ranging from 50 cents downward. The astonished beggar hesitated for a moment, then picked a quarter, God-blessing him fervently.

Asked curiously why he had given the beggar his choice, the friend explained, "I always let them choose. It gives them a feeling of self-respect to resist taking the largest piece. And it relieves me of the responsibility of feeling mean. You see, I'd really rather keep the largest for myself!" —*Rotarian*

A SIMPLE TABLE implement wonderfully assists a certain enterprising Omaha landlady in collecting delinquent board bills. At supper, a new arrival discovered that one of the regular boarders appeared acutely embarrassed over the fact that an extra fork had been laid at his place.

"Why is he so rattled over having an extra fork?" the new boarder whispered to the man next to him.

"Oh, that's the landlady's way of collecting overdue bills," the man explained. "When she puts that extra fork beside a plate everybody knows it means 'fork over, please'." —ADRIAN ANDERSON

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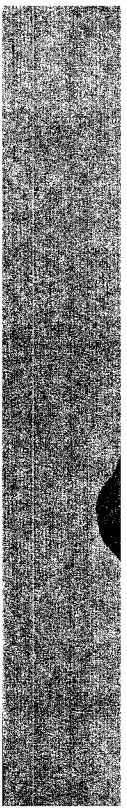

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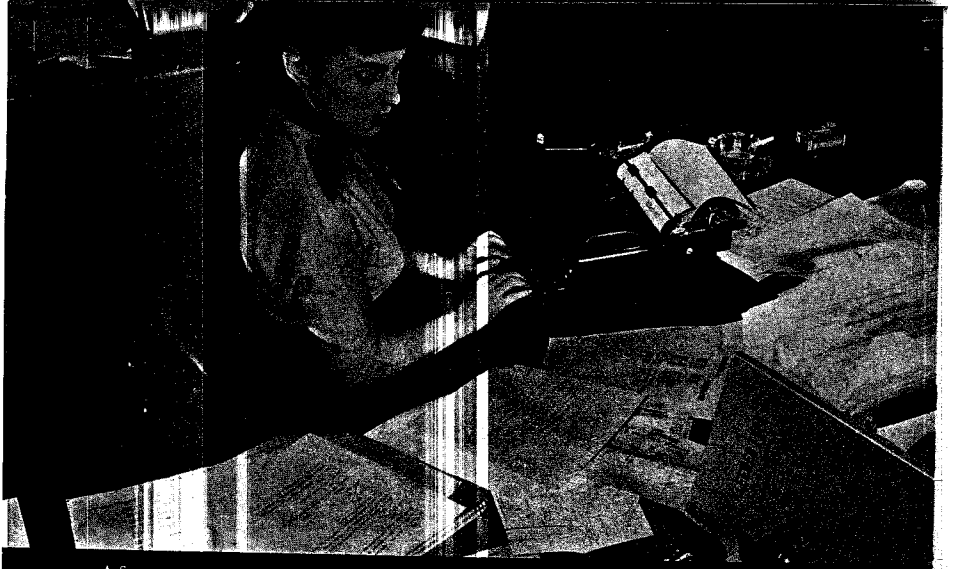
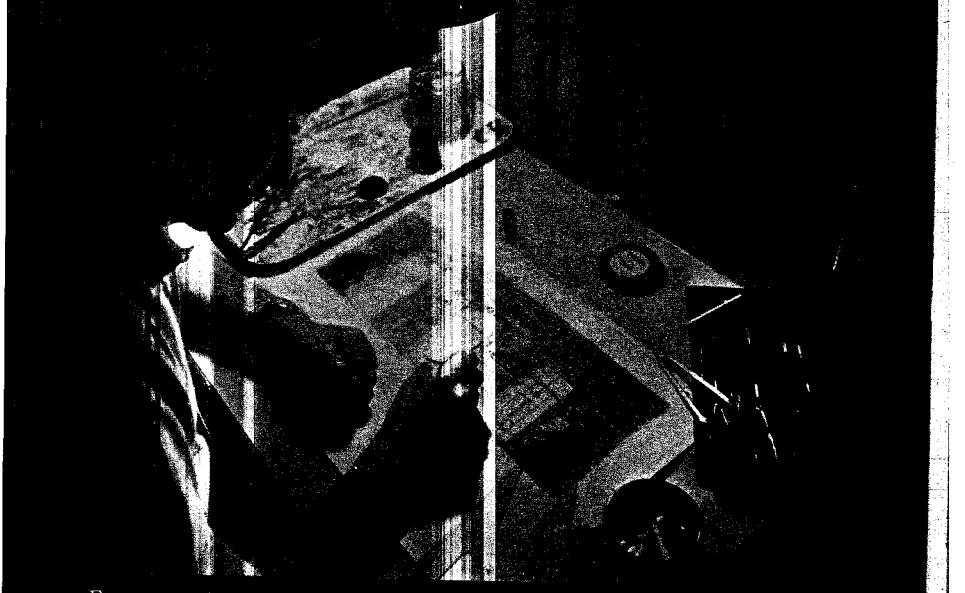


After we cut, add to, then rewrite one of the five weekly comedy sketches, secretary Natalie Chapman types it out. All hands give her the hawk treatment—eagerly watching to see if and when she'll laugh.



Every week, Freddie Fox turns out designs for the tons of scenery on "Your Show of Shows," ranging from Viennese ballrooms to rowdy frontier saloons. In his spare time, he designs sets for Broadway shows.

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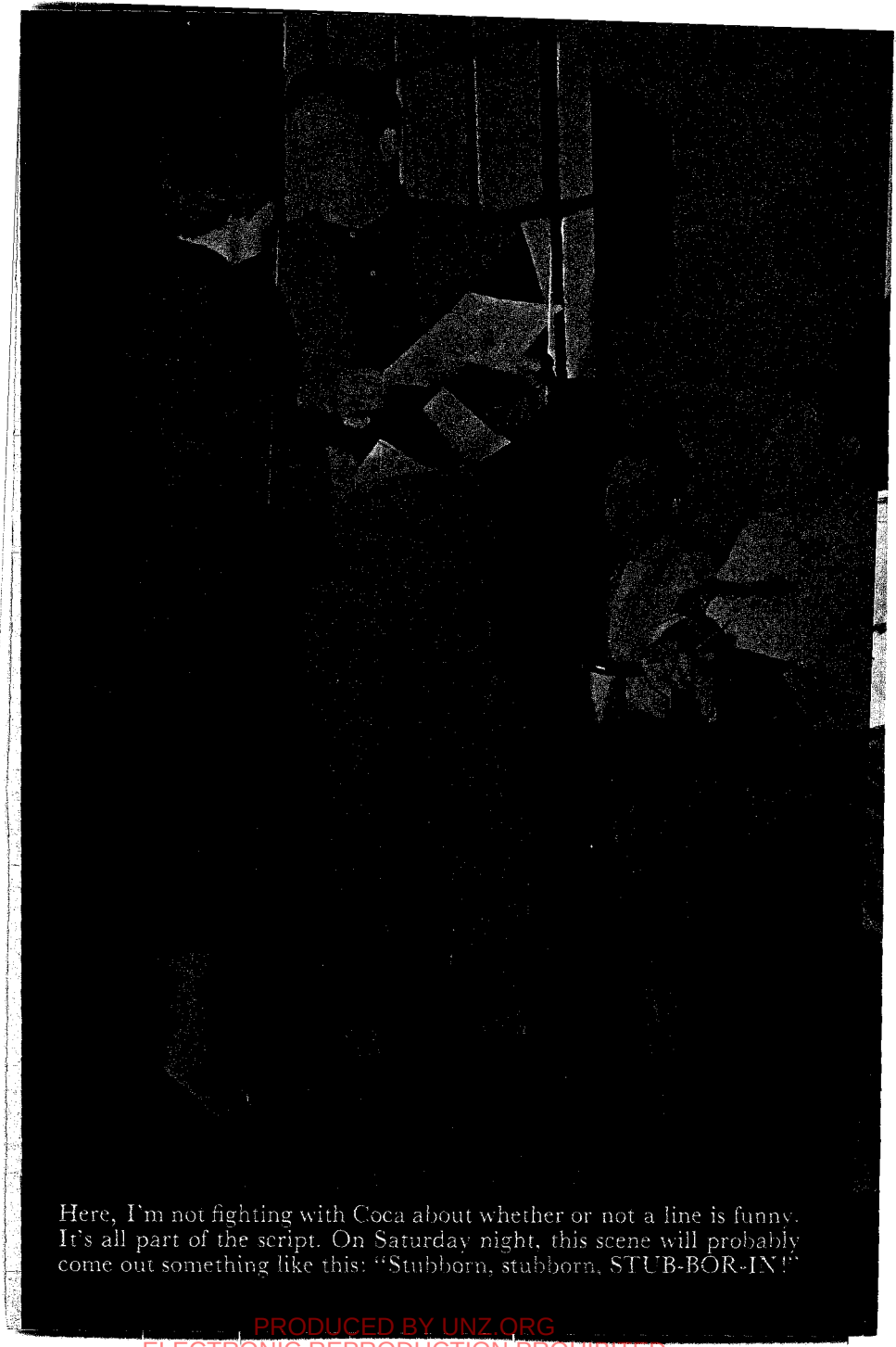

Here, I'm not fighting with Coca about whether or not a line is funny. It's all part of the script. On Saturday night, this scene will probably come out something like this: "Stubborn, stubborn, STUB-BOR-IN!"

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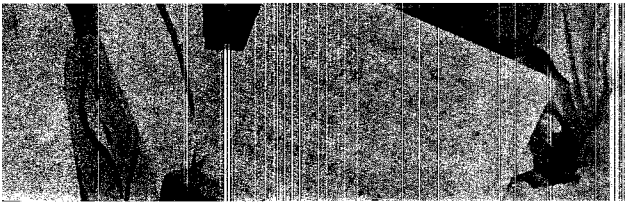

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Paul duPont designs the costumes. Here he is checking on the outfits—such as they are—of two-thirds of the Bob Hamilton dance trio. Strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, he gets paid money for this.

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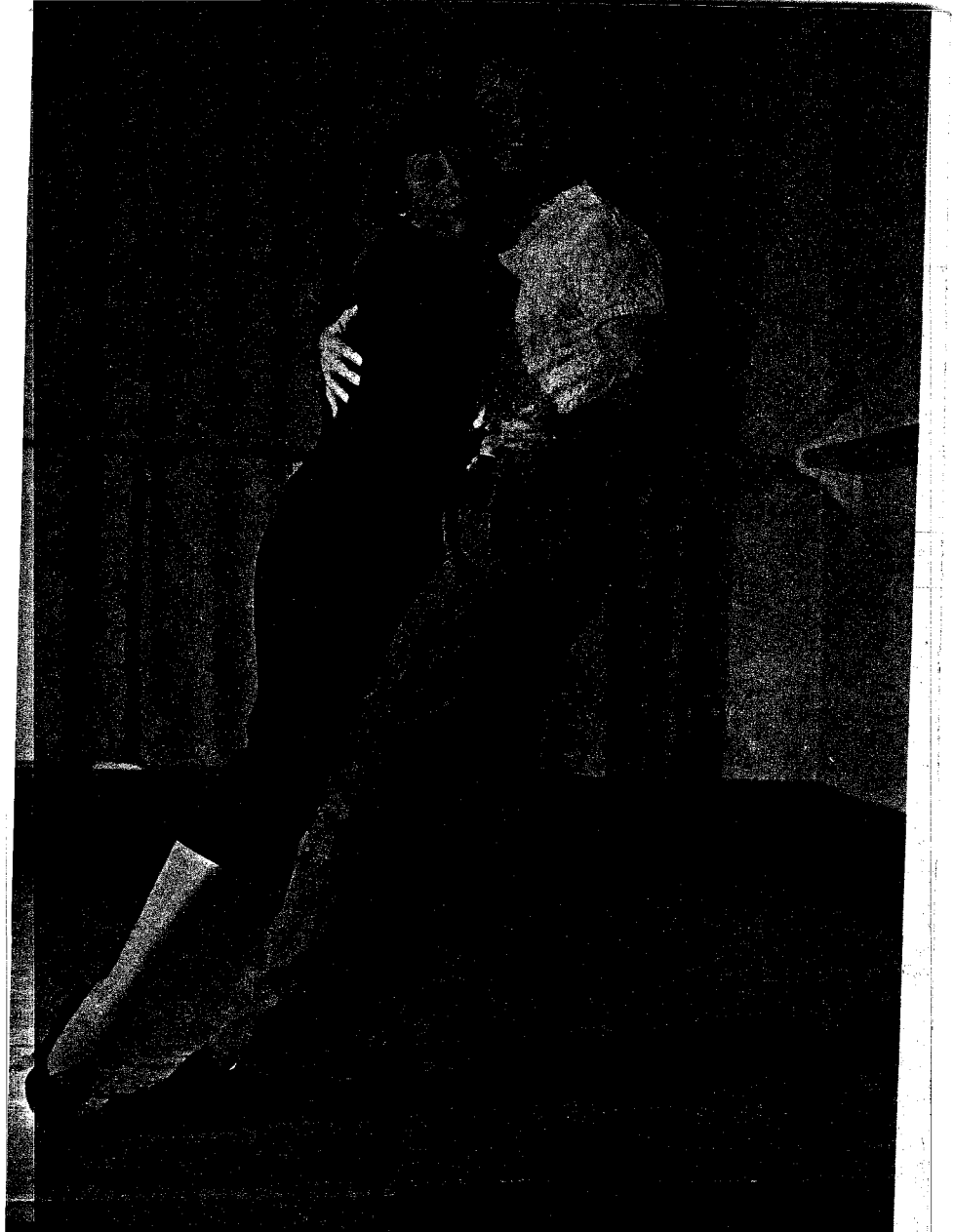

James Starbuck is our choreographer. I found out that this means he makes up the dances. Each week, he merely creates two or three full-length ballets. In part payment, he is allowed to rehearse with Imogene.

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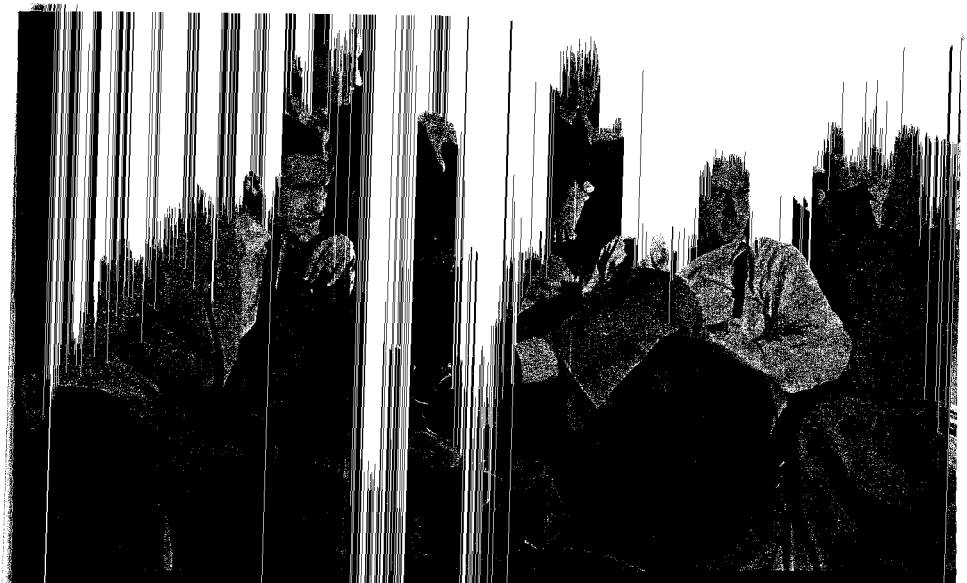

By Saturday afternoon, everyone is so weak that I can usually corner gagman Mel Tolkin and some NBC brass for a recently revised version of my hunting trip. By 9 o'clock, somehow, we're always rarin' to go.

Dancer Wallace Seibert prances and grimaces as one of the main characters in a ballet based on "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." He seems to have frightened all those pretty little girls in the background.

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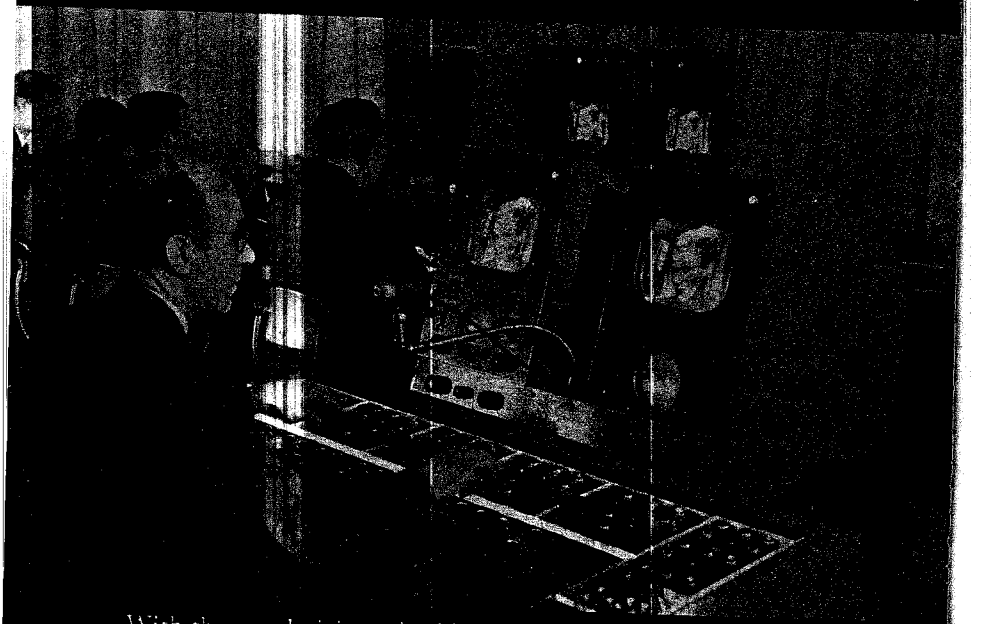
Here are a couple of the unsung heroes of "Your Show of Shows"—the sound-effects department. These men make screeching brakes, crumpling fenders, and crashing chinaware. You know—*funny* things.



With these technicians checking the picture, you can be sure that what we're doing on stage will reach your living room—but only if you have a TV set. By the way, that's not me you see on the monitor screen.

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Somehow, I can't place this girl. She could be an extra in a mob scene, or someone left over from the Friday-night show. In any event, she's pretty and talented, and will undoubtedly be a big success some day.

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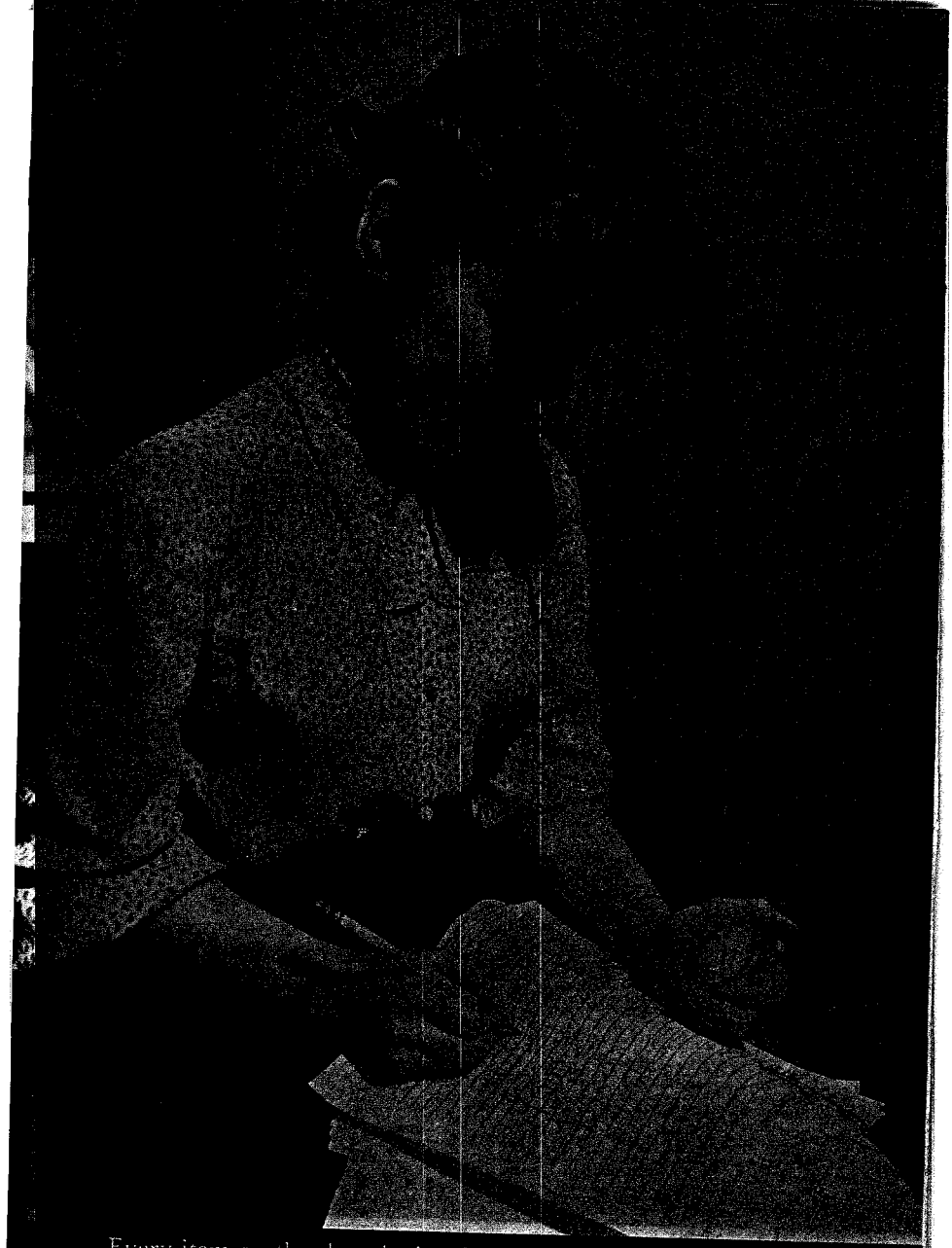

Every item on the show is timed to a split second by a stop watch. In adding up the time, we allow for announcements, commercials, and, when optimistic, laughs. Does it come out right? Oddly enough, yes.

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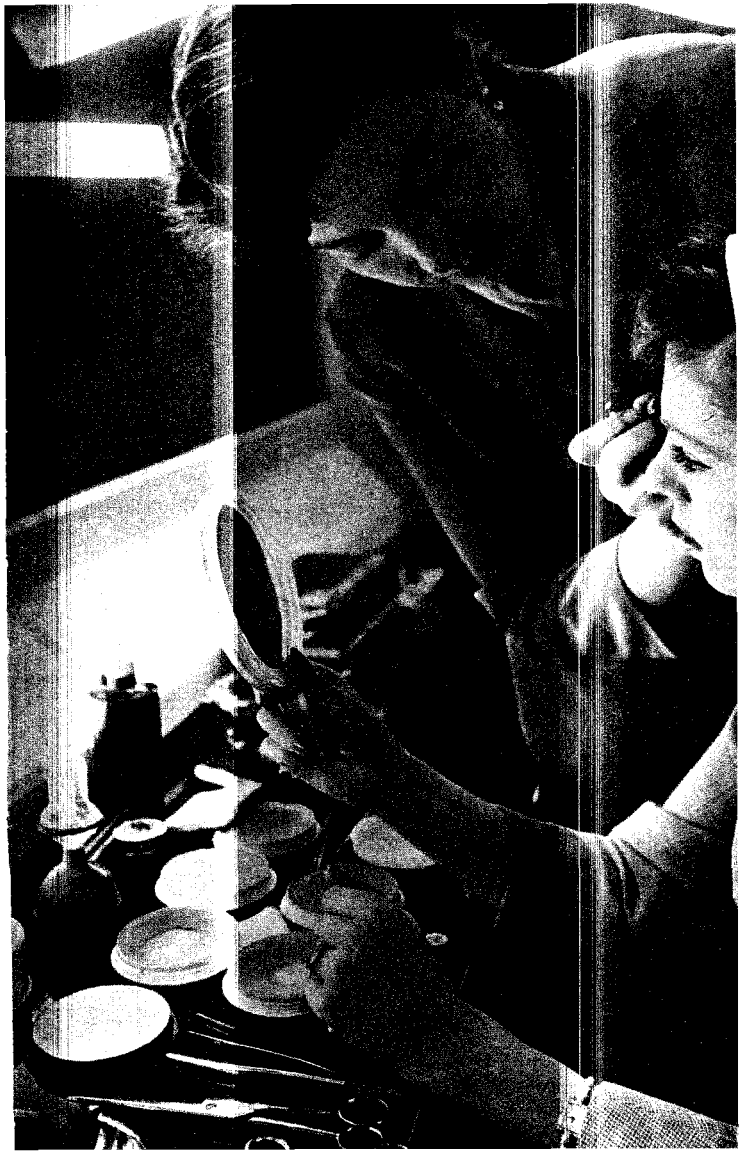

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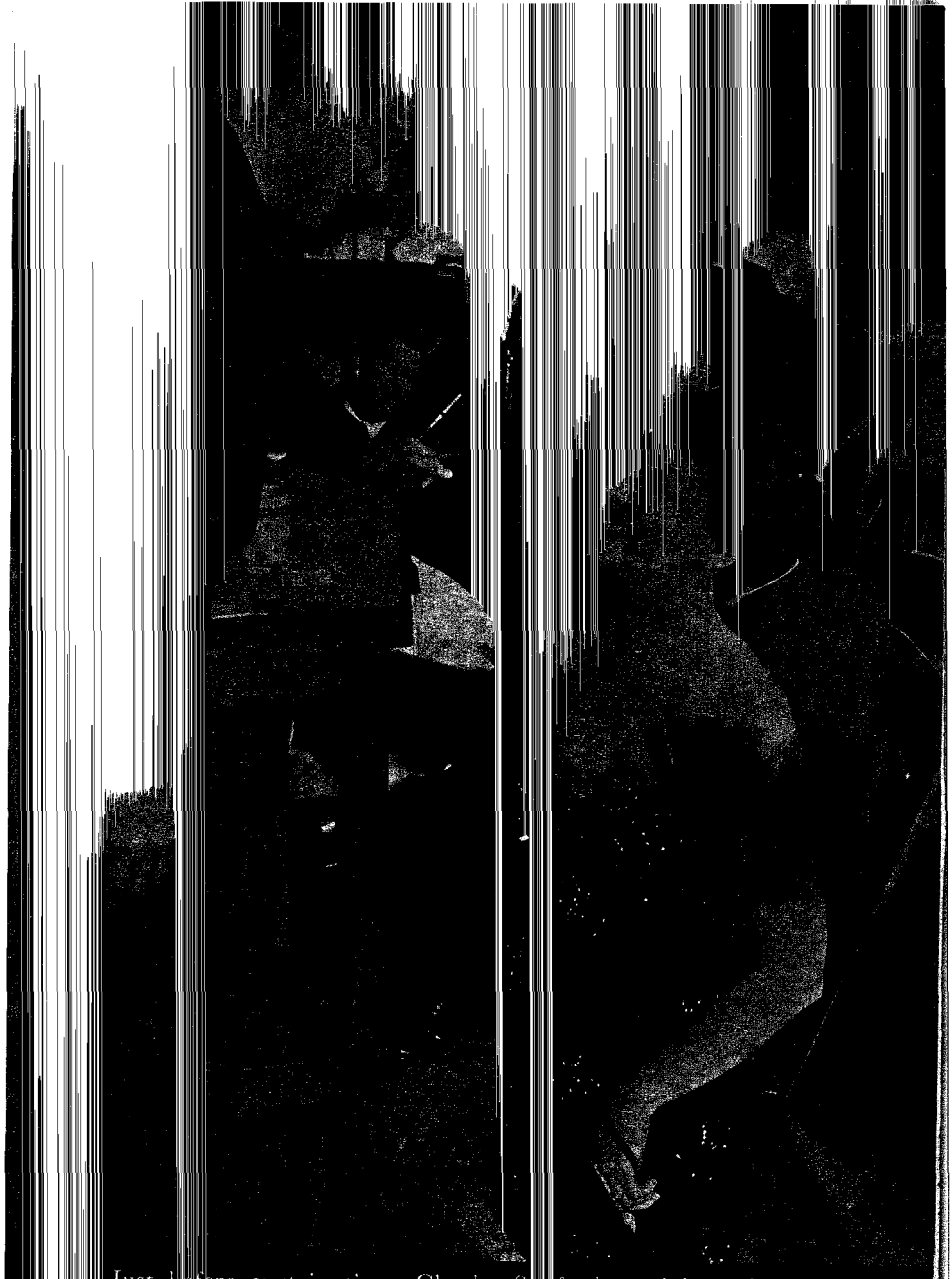

Just before curtain time, Charles Sanford, genial conductor of the orchestra, and beautiful Marguerite Piazza, Metropolitan Opera star, get together for a last-minute confab. Important? Vital! . . . Baseball.

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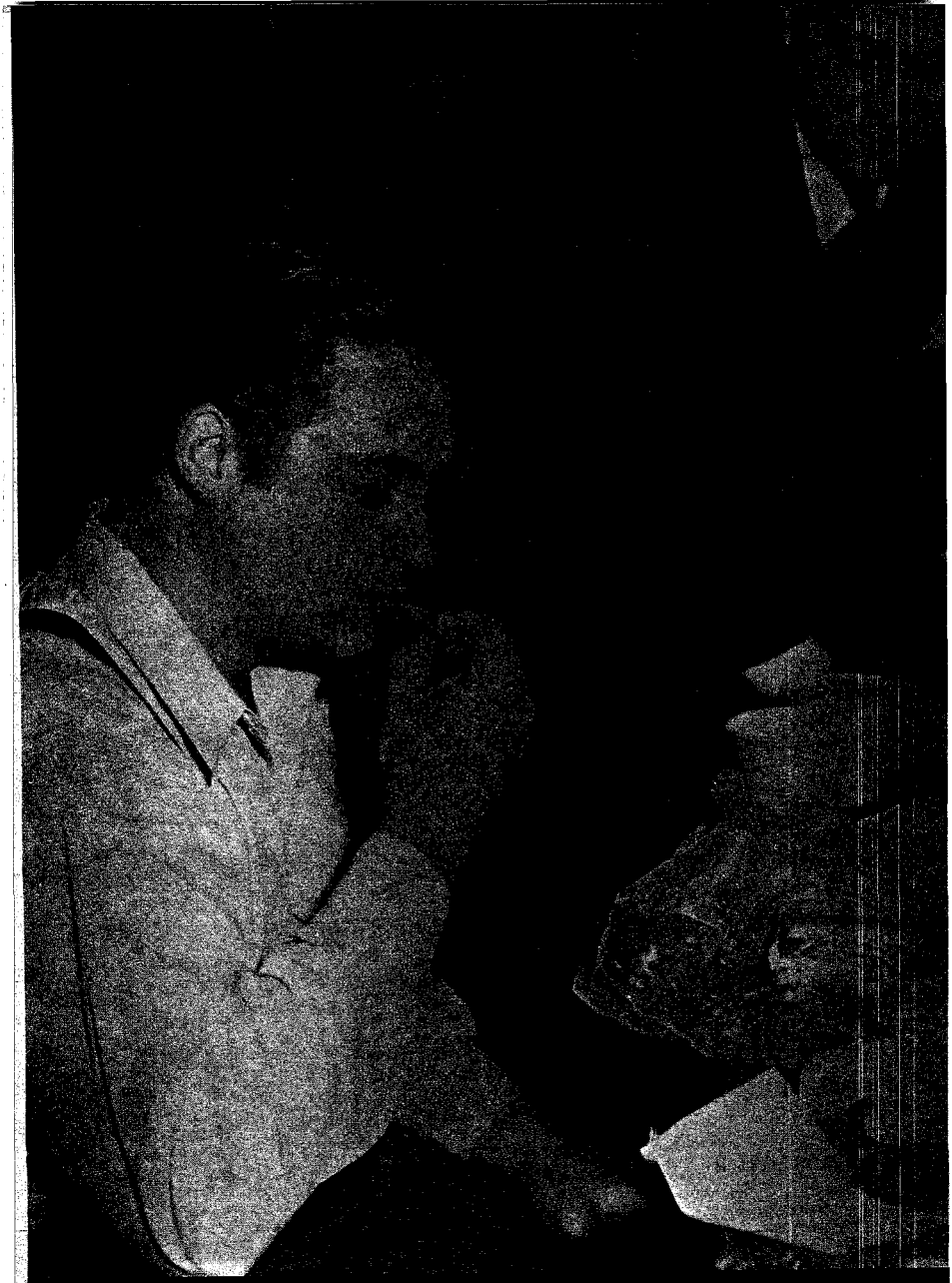

It is Saturday night, a scant 30 minutes before my first appearance. A grueling one-and-a-half-hour show lies before me. Knowing what's in store, I may be eating a frankfurter, but my mind is on the sandwich.

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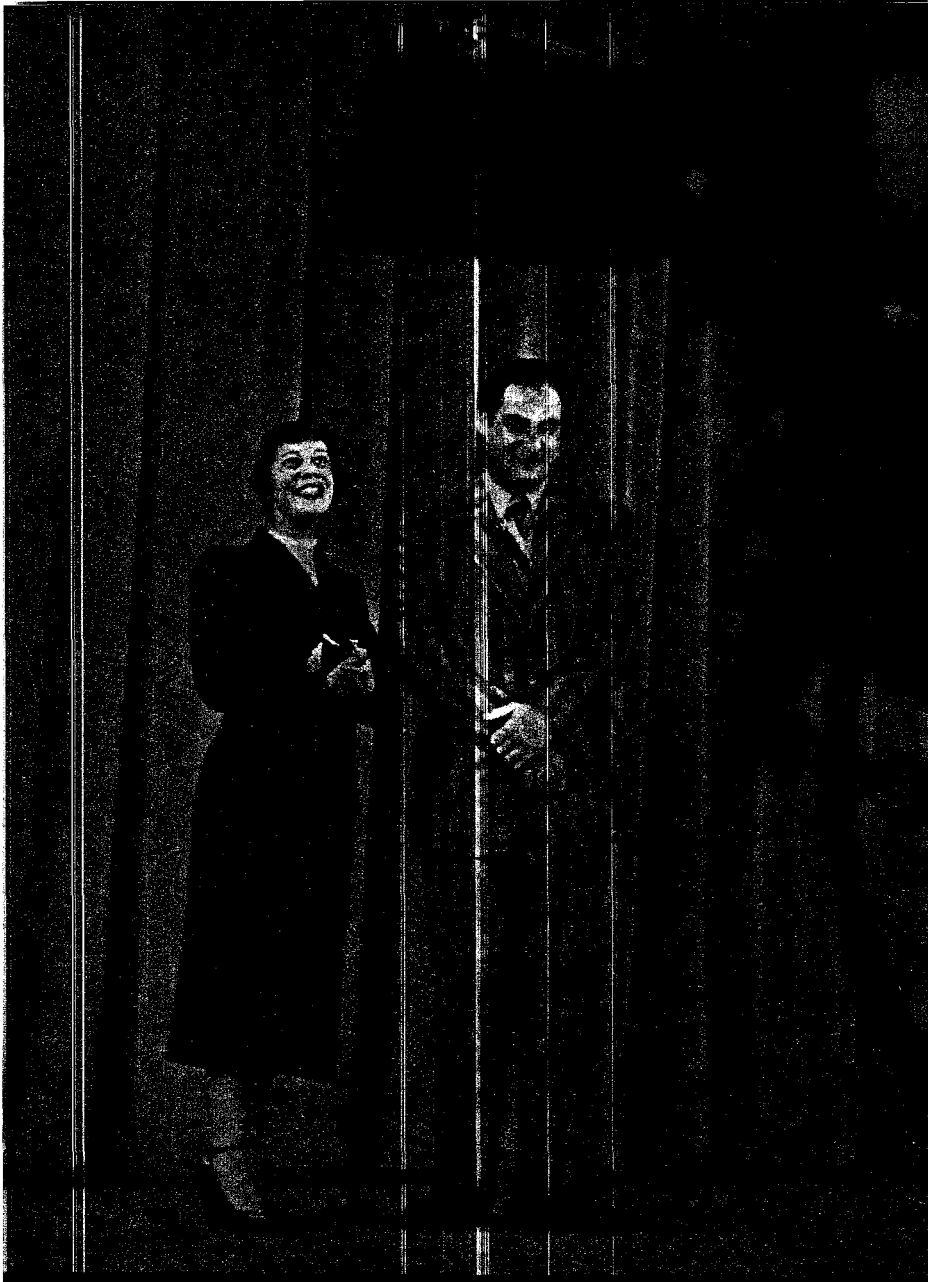

And now, at last, it's 9 o'clock. I stand in the wings and wait for the curtain to go up. I hear my cue and go out on stage ready for anything. Why, look who's here! Imogene Coca! . . . ISN'T IT A SMALL WORLD!

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The perfect all-year GIFT for her—and 16 to choose from!

66" DeLuxe Twin—the ultimate in Cabinet Sinks

Make her whole year happier and her work lighter with a Youngstown Kitchens Cabinet Sink in sturdy steel—with revolutionary Jet-Tower Dishwashing—with a Youngstown Kitchens Food Waste Disposer!

Her eyes will sparkle when you give a Youngstown Kitchens Cabinet Sink or Jet-Tower Dishwasher.

There's a gorgeous white-enameled steel model for every home—packed with wonderful features. See them at your dealer's. Look *especially* at Jet-Tower Dishwashing—does a job no man, woman or other machine can duplicate.

Choose for her now. Your dealer will explain easy financing and plan your kitchen in miniature. No cost or obligation.

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WARREN, OHIO
Youngstown Kitchens are sold throughout the World

Youngstown Kitchens

Call Western Union, Operator 25, and without charge get the name of a nearby dealer.

For a Christmas tree surprise — a gift-wrapped miniature of the model you select

Your dealer will give you a perfect miniature of the Youngstown Kitchens Cabinet Sink or Dishwasher you select. It is in the form of a clever coin bank. Installation of actual equipment made at your convenience.

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Southern Exposure

AN AGED but still-fiery Southern lady, whose heart has heretofore belonged entirely to the Confederate States, has, according to a nephew now sojourning in France, recently shown signs of considering the northern part of America in a more agreeable light.

"I believe Auntie is back in the Union at last," the nephew recently announced, after reading her latest letter.

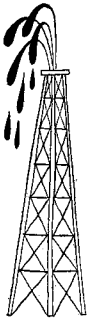
"What makes you think so?" he was asked.

"Well," he explained, "when she writes United States, she no longer puts the United in quotation marks." —JEROME SAXON

THE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE of a large aircraft factory in Dallas, Texas, under steady pressure from the hundreds of job seekers who flock to the plant, answers thousands of questions daily, some of them unusual.

A company interviewer recently answered the telephone to find one of the applicants on the other end.

"I'm filling out this heah fohm you-all sent me," the voice drawled, "now, down heah wheah it says 'telephone,' does that mean I phones you, or you phones me?" —*Telephony*



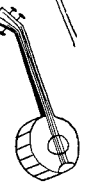
THE COMMISSIONER of elections in a town in the Deep South opened the ballot box at the close of the balloting and was flabbergasted to find a Republican vote near the top. It was an unprecedented situation, and he equivocated, "Hold this vote aside till we finish counting, boys. We'll decide what to do about it then."

At the bottom of the box another Republican vote turned up. That made everything simple. "Some double-barreled crook in this town has voted twice," bellowed the commissioner. "Throw his ballots out!"

—BENNETT CERF

VISITORS TO THE SOUTH still marvel at the "tact" employed in that land of hospitality. Noteworthy is the remark of a Southern lady to her cook when the biscuits served at dinner were flat and tough.

"Ella," she inquired politely, "just what did you need to go into these biscuits that we didn't have?" —LOIS V. CARSON



LAST YEAR a pair of Alabama deer hunters were sorely disappointed to find that their favorite guide had deserted them to serve visiting fishermen instead. "What's the matter? Don't you like hunters?" one of them asked.

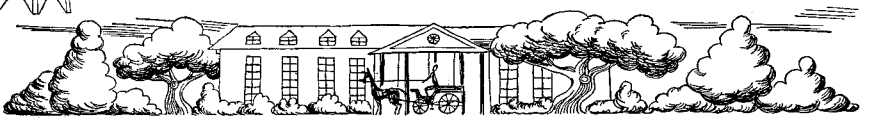
"Like 'em first rate."

"Do fishermen pay more?"

"Nope," the guide admitted.

"Then what's the idea of taking up with them?"

"Friend," the veteran woodsman replied, "I just got plumb tired of being shot at for a deer. So fur, ain't nobody mistook me for a fish." —ANDREW MEREDITH



ILLUSTRATED BY ROY DOTY

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Allentown Likes Its "Idea" Store

by NATHAN KELNE

Max Hess' human touch has built a $15,000,000-a-year business in a town of 100,000

A STOCKY, BALDING, restless man sat recently at a chamber of commerce luncheon in Allentown, Pennsylvania, and listened to the jibes of a companion.

"What are the fellows over at your store trying to do to me? Every time I peek into my wife's closet, it's chock-full of dresses. But she keeps complaining they're not in fashion. Now what *is* this fashion business, anyway, and how come it's always so expensive?"

The man who listened to the complaint was Max Hess, Jr., 40-year-old son of an immigrant father and president and owner of Hess Brothers department store. Suddenly he decided to show the men what this fashion stuff was all about.

In less than three weeks, he and a few of his top executives drove a caravan of trucks into the plant of the Lehigh Structural Steel Co. He put on a sizzling fashion show, complete with shapely models, and then took the rostrum to explain all this to the 500 begrimed workers who saw the show during lunch hour.

The show was successful, and has since been repeated to other factory workers and businessmen's service clubs everywhere within the shopping radius of Allentown. And, as usual, the Hess idea paid off. Sales of dresses, suits, and coats to wives of local workers recently have broken all records.

This direct and human approach to sales problems has been responsible for the phenomenal success of Hess Brothers Store. When Hess became president of the business at 21, bills were piling up all over the place. Today, the store does an annual business of $15,000,000, which is tops for a town of a little more than 100,000.

Hess looks like anything but a successful businessman. He is stoop-shouldered, dresses unobtrusively, stammers in conversation, and often seems inattentive. But those who know him best attribute all this to

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the serious nature of a man whose mind is always on his business.

To the customer and very often to the competition, Hess Brothers is considered a one-man operation. Every morning at 9:10, he hangs his hat in the men's alteration room on the first floor and starts to work. All day long he walks through his thriving emporium, talking with customers and clerks. And he is allergic to desks.

"If you have an office," he says, "you've got to have a desk—the bigger the better. You become a victim of oak-paneled walls and protective secretaries. I find if I don't have an office I discuss things with salespeople right where they're selling. Instead of writing memos, we decide right then and there what we're going to do."

When he grows weary from his cross-store treks (an associate estimates he covers eight miles a day), Hess pops into one of the empty executive offices and slumps in a chair with his feet sprawled out. There he gets his second wind while sampling hand-dipped chocolates from his $20,000 candy kitchen.

His small-town store with the big-city atmosphere boasts 175 departments, five tiers of high-speed escalators, a $75,000 sound system that dispenses soft music and winning commercials over 986 speakers. There is a 70-table restaurant serving about 750 a day with some of the best food in town. A Chinese chef does nothing but prepare Oriental dishes listed on the restaurant's two-foot menus. Children are served hot dishes from toy stoves, and desserts from toy refrigerators.

Not long ago, Hess was driving through Pennsylvania's fast-growing Bucks County, a short distance from Allentown. And since his mind is always on business, he wondered why his store had never really explored this market.

This thinking led to a ten-day personal tour of the area in his station wagon. He called on 50 urban farmers, learning their buying habits and needs. At each place he left a gift box of the store's candy, along with a map showing the route to and from Allentown. This direct, personal touch boomed Hess business outside the Lehigh Valley shopping area.

And now the unorthodox merchant has a plan to change the traditional wedding-anniversary gift schedule. He claims the trouble with anniversaries is that most couples get things too late for maximum use. For example, the 25th anniversary is too long to wait for silver. So Hess says: "Give silver on the fifth anniversary."

Under his plan, the first anniversary would be books, culinary equipment second, music third, a good wine cellar fourth. Hess' competitors have started snickering, but because the idea touches basic human requirements, it will probably wind up a big money-maker.

HESS LIKES TO SAY he has no selling rules, only ideas. He has no rules about personnel, either. He knows almost all his 1,200 co-workers by name, and can appraise a man's qualifications for a particular job more accurately than the individual himself can.

One clerk had been successful in the lamp department for five years. Hess walked up to her one morning, placed his arm gently through hers,

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and said: "Come with me, you're going to sell furniture."

"I'd be no good in furniture," she protested. "I'm happy where I am. My sales record is good."

"I know, but come with me," he insisted. The flow of tears that met his insistence didn't deter Hess. The clerk went reluctantly to furniture, and today is the top salesperson in that department.

Why did Hess make the decision to switch her? "Women," he reasoned, "should be able to sell furniture better than men. A man and woman generally come into the store together when they buy furniture, and it's the woman who does the talking. And she likes to talk house with another woman."

The company's credit manager was a successful salesman in high-priced jewelry. Hess had observed him for years, knew him to be a meticulous man with a fine eye for detail. Casually he tapped him one morning for the store's new credit manager. And the new manager is a walloping success.

His faith in the judgment of his co-workers is brought home by the company's unique refund policy. Hess has given each clerk absolute power to make refunds on the spot. No confirmation by buyer or merchandise manager is needed.

Last year, the day before Christmas, all his co-workers were gathered for the annual carol song fest before store opening. After the carols, Hess thanked them for their cooperation during the hectic shopping rush. Then he announced that everyone would get an extra vacation with pay in addition to the regular Christmas bonus.

Hess is strictly a home-town person. He has traveled extensively in Europe and throughout the U. S., but he says casually: "I like Allentown, it's a good town, I was born here." He has no grand notions about invading the big cities. He says there's still plenty of room for improvement in Allentown. Meanwhile, he's a busy man six days a week, keeping in touch with his customers, his clerks, and his town, to find the answers to what people want to buy and why.

Feminine Fancies

Adolescence: The age when a girl's voice changes from no to yes.
—S. Ullman

Delayed action: A girl who is quiet and feminine before marriage.
—Chal Herry

Teen-age: The time between pigtails and cocktails.
—*Hudson Newsletter*

Youthful figure: Something you get when you ask a woman her age.
—Edward Artin

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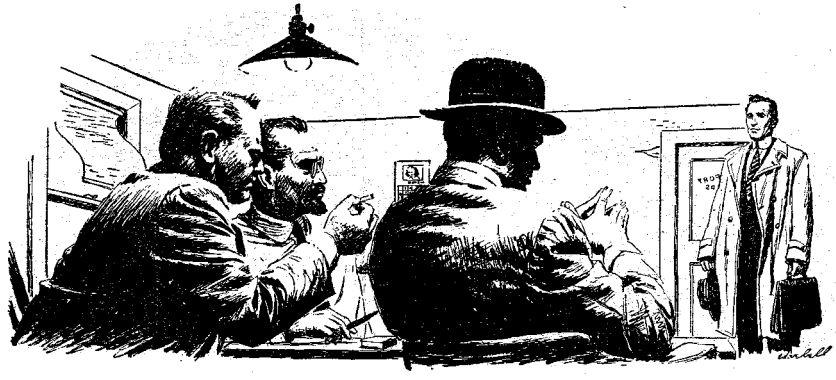

by HENRY LEE

Harry Sawyer's death-defying masquerade for the U. S. is a saga of patriotism

OF ALL THE SPY STORIES of World War II, the most thrilling is that of Harry Sawyer, one-time German machine gunner and late-comer to liberty. For a year and a half, in daily peril of detection, Sawyer lived the double life of Nazi "spy" and F.B.I. agent, matching wits with the deadliest espionage ring that ever menaced the U.S.

In a way, too, it is an inspirational story. This tall, sickly man was a naturalized American with a fierce love of freedom. When fate placed him at the mercy of the Nazi secret police, he willingly gambled his life to thwart their plans for sabotage and terror.

Under the direction of J. Edgar Hoover, the 42-year-old Sawyer became a superspy, wheedling secrets from veteran professional operatives who would have killed him in a minute had they known he was playing a double cross for democracy. Here, taken from court records, is the amazing account of one brave man's fight against the forces of totalitarianism.

After serving as machine gunner in World War I, Sawyer became a German merchant seaman. In 1929, he came to America, took out citizenship papers, and went to work for Consolidated Aircraft in San Diego, California.

Ten years later, Sawyer was operated on for stomach ulcers. Though war clouds were already lowering, he decided to visit Germany during his convalescence. This might be his last opportunity to see his aged mother in Mülheim.

In February, 1939, as the gaunt,

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pale Sawyer walked down the gangplank in Hamburg, a stranger imperiously called him aside and questioned him about his aircraft work. Then he told Sawyer: "You will hear from us."

Soon, Sawyer felt well enough to take a job in a steam-turbine plant. But the Nazi SD secret police hadn't forgotten him. Repeatedly, the spy chiefs demanded Sawyer's "cooperation" with the state, and harassed him by stealing his passport. The showdown came when a Dr. Gassner told him brusquely that he was to return to the U. S. and spy in behalf of the *Reich*. Otherwise, Sawyer was warned, he might be hurt in an "accident."

Finally, purred the *Doktor*, one must think of Sawyer's aged mother. She could not get a U. S. passport and yet, unfortunately, her father had been non-Aryan.

Sawyer turned pale. The *Doktor* smiled and said he would return.

Secretly Sawyer visited the American consul in Cologne. "You're in a tough spot," he was told. "You'd better get out of the country."

But Sawyer couldn't leave his mother to the mercy of the SD. There was only one thing to do: he would ostensibly play along with Dr. Gassner and at the same time work for America.

In Hamburg he was taken to daily classes in a "spy school" conducted by the SD. He mastered microphotography, and he learned the ingenious SD code based on any previously selected book. In his case, the code book, ironically, was *All This, and Heaven Too*.

In January, 1940, Sawyer was "graduated" as a spy. Yet even before he sailed that same month for the U. S., he obtained sad but priceless information for America. Seeking to draw out the usually closemouthed master spy, Dr. Nikolaus Ritter, alias Dr. Renken, Sawyer said maybe he could get hold of the famous Norden bombsight. "It's already in our possession!" Ritter bragged.

Then the SD gave him $1,000 to meet expenses, slipped five microfilms of instructions into his watch, and identified the agents in America who were to receive them.

For one archspy—Herman Lang, draftsman in the Norden plant who was so mechanically brilliant that he could memorize blueprints—the Nazis didn't dare risk a printed message. Sawyer was to introduce himself with the password, "Greetings, Rantzau, Berlin, Hamburg."

"Tell him to come back to Germany as soon as possible, by way of Japan and Siberia," Sawyer was instructed. Apparently, the Nazis *didn't* have all the Norden secrets.

When his ship reached New York, Sawyer braced himself for the long, dangerous deception that lay ahead. Nazi suspicion worried him most, for though the F.B.I. promised protection, it was thought

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inadvisable to have G men follow him to meetings in isolated homes on the outskirts of New York and in a dangerous Yorkville restaurant where the ring gathered.

To Everitt M. Roeder, designer for the Sperry Gyroscope Co., maker of secret mechanisms for the Army and Navy, Sawyer delivered $500 and one microfilm, compliments of Hamburg. The F.B.I. marked Roeder for special attention.

In a mid-town Manhattan apartment, Sawyer introduced himself to an innocent-looking girl who had once been a Viennese artists' model. But Lilly Barbara Carola Stein was not quite as innocent as she looked. In Vienna, her association with a young American vice-consul had caused an international scandal and wrecked his diplomatic career. Sawyer left another film with her.

Of the three remaining films, two were for Sawyer himself, the third for a fabulous adventurer and spy with a 40-year career of intrigue. He was known now as "Jim Dunn," but his real name was Frederick Joubert Duquesne. He was the man who arranged the sinking of the British cruiser *Hampshire* in World War I, with Lord Kitchener aboard.

Sawyer, meeting him in an office in the financial district, was silenced almost as soon as he started talking. The crafty, hawk-faced Duquesne slipped him a piece of paper which read, "We will go out —cannot talk here." In a nearby automat, Sawyer handed over a microfilm of instructions.

As the F.B.I. had already noted, Duquesne's film betrayed Nazi anxiety about certain rumored American military inventions. The aging professional spy was told to find out all he could about them.

Living from hotel to hotel under assumed names to cover his own F.B.I. link, Sawyer went on baiting the trap. He "plotted" with Axel Wheeler-Hill, brother of an imprisoned Bund leader and a dangerous Nazi zealot in his own right. He met seamen, ship stewards, and an air-line employee who acted as couriers for the ring.

Besides Lilly Stein, Sawyer discovered, two other women were implicated in the conspiracy—the American-born Evelyn Clayton Lewis, sculptress and playwright who was living with Duquesne in an uptown apartment; and Else Weustenfeld, a plump, fading stenographer who had been the mistress of Hans Ritter of the *Luftwaffe* —brother of Dr. Ritter.

At this point, the picture was not reassuring for America. Operating under the restraint of a nation still at peace, Hoover found himself pitted against a lavishly financed world-wide gang, experienced, desperate, ruthless.

But the arrogant spy *Doktors* had dealt Hoover an ace. Never dreaming Sawyer would betray them, they had chosen him to operate the secret radio station which was to contact their outlaw station AOR in Hamburg. It was Hoover's daring plan to have the F.B.I. operate the station, milking what information it could from AOR and furnishing only false or carefully censored data relayed to Sawyer by German operatives here. In a bungalow overlooking Centerport Harbor on Long Island Sound, a secret station was set up with two G men in readiness.

Now there was nothing to do but

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wait. Finally, in May, 1940, the Germans sprang their own trap. Contact was established between AOR and the Long Island station using the call letters DXVW-2. On May 31, AOR to DXVW-2:

> Need urgently monthly production of plane factories, exports to all countries, especially to England and France, type, date of delivery by steamer or air, armature and armament, payment cash and carry or credit. Rose has $200 for you. Not for Stein. Greetings.

Thereafter, month after month, threatening, wheedling, bribing, AOR poured out its soul to the special agents in Centerport. In return, DXVW-2 furnished a steady stream of "information" until those opposite poles, SD and F.B.I., had exchanged a total of 461 messages.

WHILE THE AMERICANS were triumphing in this long-range duel of wits, Sawyer was probing deeper into the Nazi machinations. In their own code phrase for danger, "the air was thick" for this brave, frightened man.

In the Yorkville restaurant, Paul Bante handed him two sticks of dynamite, wire, and percussion caps. To his consternation, Sawyer learned that Duquesne was threatening to blow up a General Electric plant in Schenectady. Obviously, the plot had to be scotched, but he would be suspect in the Nazis' eyes.

Waiting outside was a G man. Obeying an almost imperceptible signal, he followed as Sawyer came out. Two blocks away, the undercover agent gave him the bundle of explosives. The GE plant was saved—but suppose Hamburg learned how the plot had misfired?

Worst of all, Wheeler-Hill was operating a *second* short-wave station, using a different code. What was he sending abroad? The tip-off that Sawyer was a ringer who deserved execution?

From across the ocean, AOR talked almost as though it knew something were amiss. Too much of the "information," it complained suspiciously, was already known or botched. The ship and weapon blueprints arriving by courier were blurred (as the F.B.I. had made certain before releasing them) and the radio data was stale.

If Hamburg only knew what was being held back! Sawyer shivered at the thought. It was the greatest espionage triple play in history: from the spies to Sawyer to the F.B.I.—and out.

From Lang came a steady stream of information about the Norden bombsight. From Hartwig Richard Kleiss came construction details of the new 35,000-ton battleships, plans for a new Navy carrier, blueprints of the United States Line vessel *America*, later the Army transport *West Point*, on which gun positions were marked. The plans were forwarded to Hamburg by courier—after certain markings had been eliminated by the F.B.I.

From Duquesne came diagrams and pictures of the Garand rifle, a new plane, a new type of torpedo boat. Instead, false or trivial information was passed on to Hamburg by DXVW-2.

Finally, when Hoover felt that AOR was pumped dry, that he knew all the American hirelings and their contacts in this country, he prepared for the kill. Ostensibly obeying SD orders, Sawyer organized

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the dummy Diesel Research Company so that espionage funds could be forwarded to New York from abroad. When offices were set up in a Times Square skyscraper, the F.B.I. rented the adjoining room.

Stationed there, a 16mm camera trained on a peephole looking into Sawyer's office, was a G man. Beside him, ready to record all conversations, was another. Now, let's look at the amazing denouement of this long cat-and-mouse game.

Duquesne enters and Sawyer innocently seats him so that he faces the G men. The camera catches him extracting an envelope of Army secrets from his left sock.

Sawyer examines them one by one, holding them up so that the camera will record them. He draws Duquesne out and the braggart talks—as the notebook in the next room flips over page after page.

Lang comes in and the camera records his act of betrayal as he hands over Norden data. One by one, most of the others visit Sawyer, and are maneuvered into convicting themselves on film. So thorough are these F.B.I. movies that they include even the electric clock and calendar on Sawyer's wall, thus establishing not only the dates but the precise time and duration of each conversation!

At last, in June, 1941, Hoover made the fateful decision. Simultaneously, in more than two dozen homes, apartments, and offices, his agents struck. His phone rang again and again as his agents reported one capture after another.

At last, Hoover grinned broadly. All 32 Nazi spies in America had been picked up without a mishap! All 32 were found guilty and sentenced to prison. And all but one were U. S. citizens or had already taken out first papers.

For Sawyer, the grim task was over at last, without special glory or reward. But now he could sleep nights, secure in the knowledge that he had done more than his bit for the cause of freedom.

Happily, he lapsed into an obscurity which has been protected ever since by the F.B.I. All we know is that somewhere in the U. S. today is a tall, gaunt, middle-aged man to whom each native-born American can well doff his hat in love and respect.

No Doubt About It

The saddest moment in a man's life: when he asks his wife what they're having for dinner—and she replies, "My family." —KEN MURRAY

Probably the healthiest form of exercise in the world is walking around the block—you don't have to cross a street! —*Wall Street Journal*

The child psychologist who claims spanking misses its aim probably never was spanked by his father. —FLOYD R. MILLER

Success is a wonderful thing. You meet such interesting relatives. —HARVEY STONE

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Make Up your Mind!

by DOUGLAS LURTON

You cheat yourself of pleasure and profit if you let indecision become a habit

NOTHING WORTH WHILE is accomplished without positive decision supported by positive action. Your daily life and career are largely ruled by your own action—or by a willingness to procrastinate and let your decisions go by default. Millions of people are being pushed around in their own timid half-world of gentle passivity because they can't make up their minds.

For example, Mrs. Smith spends ten days trying to decide whether to get a new dress. She talks it over with Mr. Smith and calls friends on the phone to discuss the matter. Finally, she arrives at a shop.

Now she is in a funk. She tries on a dozen little numbers. Then she goes to a half-dozen other shops but simply can't decide whether to get the one with fur on the shoulder or the one with a cluster of fruit. She goes home exhausted, again talks by phone with her friends, again talks with Mr. Smith. He finally takes her by the hand and forces her to buy a dress that makes her look something less than a buxom model for a cartoon.

Now her decision has gone by default. But has it? The dress is modeled for her friends. They simply adore it. But in a day or two, Mrs. Smith sends it back to the store and wears last year's black with gold ornaments.

Unhappily, this is only one incident in the indecisive life of Mrs. Smith. She has a difficult time deciding whether to order lamb chops or veal chops for dinner. When she leaves the house to go to the matinee (selected by someone else) she returns to the door several times to make sure she locked it. Then she

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is miserable as she watches the movie, trying to decide whether or not she turned off the gas before leaving the house. One wonders how she made up her mind to marry that Smith boy from next door.

Such indecision is one of life's deadliest poisoners. It is prompted by doubts and fears and careless indifference. The person suffering from inability to make up his mind is tripped by a host of negative practices that work against him. One of the worst is procrastination, the putting off of decisions.

The indecisive person is afraid he may be proved wrong. He may make a mistake. So what of it? Everyone makes mistakes sometimes. The leader, the executive, thrives on making decisions. He became an executive because he was capable of making decisions while others dodged the issue.

Testimony regarding the serious results of indecision is offered by Dr. Lydia Giberson, personal advisor of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. "Basically, worry has its roots in indecision," she says. "We worry about money matters because we're uncertain as to just where we stand. We worry about uncompleted tasks because we can't decide which one to tackle first. We worry about suspected illness because we can't bring ourselves to see a doctor. Chronic indecision reaches a climax in frustration. And the end product is a nervous breakdown."

In every walk of life, it is the man or woman of decision who leads; and yet there is no magic in making decisions. The formula is simple. It's yours if you want it. I have used it in making decisions for the founding and administration of several enterprises. And I have used it successfully in helping others to solve problems.

1. *What are you trying to accomplish?* If you don't answer this question specifically, you are certain to be adrift in a vague realm of uncertainty. If you have a problem, you should define it as clearly as possible in your mind or on paper. Having defined it, just what is your purpose? What are you trying to accomplish?

As you mull over this question, *keep your mind on your objective!* The further your mind strays, the more uncertain your decision will be. If your decision is of high importance, and you have difficulty in crystallizing your objective, go to competent advisers for assistance. But be sure you select a *competent* adviser.

2. *What are the pertinent facts?* It is not always possible to get *all* the facts, but you should fight for all the *available* facts. You can get them from interviews, from books, by writing letters to proper sources. You can't make a truly sound decision without adequate data. Facts exist, and are subject to checking.

The corner grocer selling his property may state: "As a matter of fact, I did a $75,000 business last year and made a net profit of $10,000." That is simply his statement. What is the fact? His books may show that he did a $50,000 business, and lost his last cent.

3. *What are the possible courses of action?* You have decided what you want to accomplish, you have as-

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sembled the available facts. But now, as you consider your problem, you may conclude that there is only *one* course of action open. You may be right, but make sure you have considered all possible alternatives. An hour, a day, or a week spent in outlining on paper the possible courses of action may save you much loss in later years.

4. *What are you going to do about it?* Now you have reached the main point of the formula. It is here that negative-minded people so often go astray. You may reach a decision, but if you don't back it up with positive action, you might as well never have made any decision at all.

And *when* are you going to take positive action? The matter of timing is vital. It is here that procrastinators often put off action and miss the boat. They make excuses for delay. They are the negatives who trail instead of leading.

THE ONE BEST WAY to learn to be decisive is to practice being decisive. Here are a few exercises that may be used daily:

Welcome any reasonable chance to say "Yes" instead of "No."

Instead of debating whether to take a walk or stay home, decide immediately and don't waver from your decision.

Instead of pondering whether to serve fish or steak, make up your mind immediately. You'll have to make a decision anyhow, so why make it a ponderous problem?

You have a choice of three motion pictures for the evening? It is better to make an immediate blind choice and be disappointed than to go into a long and futile argument with your mind.

The next time you buy a hat or a tie, weigh the choices and make your selection in double-quick time.

Search for little ways in which you can make a fast decision; then act on it. Interrupt your deadly routines. How about that letter to Aunt Sally—the one you have owed so long? Write it now, and you'll have done one little positive act.

Make a game of being decisive, and try to play it all day long. If you will do this steadily, you will soon acquire a more positive attitude toward life and break through the cobwebs of indecisiveness and procrastination.

It Still Pays

AN ADVERTISING SALESMAN for a country magazine called on a village grocer.

"Nothing doing," he was told. "Been established 40 years and never advertised."

As he turned to leave, the salesman remarked: "Excuse me, but what is that building on the hill."

"Oh, that," said the grocer, "is the village church."

"Been there long?" asked the advertising man.

"A hundred years or so," said the grocer.

"Well," replied the salesman, "they still ring the bell."

—*Tit-Bits*

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WHY HAVE *Feminine* FORMS?

by **R. D. IRVING**

A modern knight in armor rallies his adherents for a battle to the death against a loathsome suffix

ENGLISH IS a mighty good language: it is robust, alive, flexible, and delightfully unconventional. We can, in English, express any thought that comes to mind in the simplest terms. Provided, of course, we keep it that way.

Some of us haven't been trying very hard to keep it simple. Somebody seems to be promoting a movement to force a lot of grotesque feminine-form words into the language, and they just don't belong there. This results in cumbersome expressions such as proprietress, congresswoman, and others of a similar nature.

When we talk about the owner of a shop, it really makes no difference whether it is a man or woman—the same applies to the person who represents us in Congress. In neither case does the sex of the person have a bearing on the functions implied by the title. So why create a feminine form?

I don't know what is back of this movement to pretty up the language with frilly femininity. Maybe it's another example of woman's urge for equality. Equality is fine, and I am for it. But is it equality to create a feminine name for a job when a woman breaks into a new line of work? Doesn't this mean inequality of some sort?

Are the terms proprietor and proprietress exactly equal? Don't these different words suggest the inferiority of one of them?

Let's face the whole problem directly. First, let's go to any dictionary and take a good look at the definition of the word "man." This means, specifically, "an adult human male." But it likewise has the broader meaning of "human being."

Since human beings are divided into two sexes, it is quite apparent

From *Printers' Ink*

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that the word man includes a reference to female human beings as well as to males.

Now, let's keep that thought in mind while we take a look at the word salesman. What does this mean? Simply, a person who sells things; that's all. In this case the last three letters in salesman are a suffix denoting a human being.

If the salesman in question happens to be a female, that fact is of interest to a limited group, consisting largely of the salesman herself and her boy friend. It does not require the creation of an ungainly term like saleswoman (if she is a mature female); or salesgirl (if she is merely nubile); or saleschild (if she is still so young that sex is immaterial).

Whoever created words like these saw a need for a general term meaning "a human being (of either sex) who sells things." So the English language is burdened with that monstrosity—salesperson. Here's one place where the flexible fertility of the language went haywire.

Now, if we admit the soundness of this view, someone is bound to ask: "But how are you going to show whether the person is a man or a woman?" The answer is easy: "We just plain won't show any such thing—don't need to!"

We don't need feminine forms in English; we get along fine without them. Let's look at a few examples, such as teacher (what am I thinking of, man or woman?); stenographer (some are men, you know); telephone operator (maybe some are men); cook (who cares as long as the food is good?).

If we don't watch out, our word tinkerers will soon have us reading sentences like these:

Mary Jones is Chief Petty Officerette in the Waves. Chiefess Jones is from Oklahoma.

Helen Smith, well-known Aviatrix, also holds a Commercial Pilotrix's License.

Miss Brown, well-known skiette, works as a stenographress.

Miss Helen Schnitzel, noted light-opera singess, has had several careers. She has been an English teachess, a deep-sea divette, a cotton pickess, and a reportrix. Now, in her off-time, she is studying to be an attorness.

It's all pretty silly, isn't it?

Pair Them Off (Answers to quiz on page 53)

1. Wendell Willkie, Charles McNary; 2. George Burns, Gracie Allen; 3. Wilbur Wright, Orville Wright; 4. Alvin Dark, Ed Stanky; 5. Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne; 6. Bud Abbott, Lou Costello; 7. Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; 8. Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Watson; 9. Hänsel, Gretel; 10. Don Quixote, Sancho Panza; 11. Robert A. Taft, Fred Hartley; 12. Al Jolson, Larry Parks; 13. Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa; 14. Pierre Curie, Marie Sklodowska; 15. Maj. John André, Benedict Arnold; 16. Dun, Bradstreet; 17. Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein (Hart); 18. Henry J. Kaiser, Joseph W. Frazer; 19. Robinson Crusoe, Friday; 20. Sir William S. Gilbert, Sir Arthur Sullivan; 21. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry Hopkins; 22. Jinx Falkenburg, Tex McCrary; 23. Ezio Pinza, Mary Martin; 24. Ole Olsen, Chic Johnson; 25. King Arthur, Guinevere.

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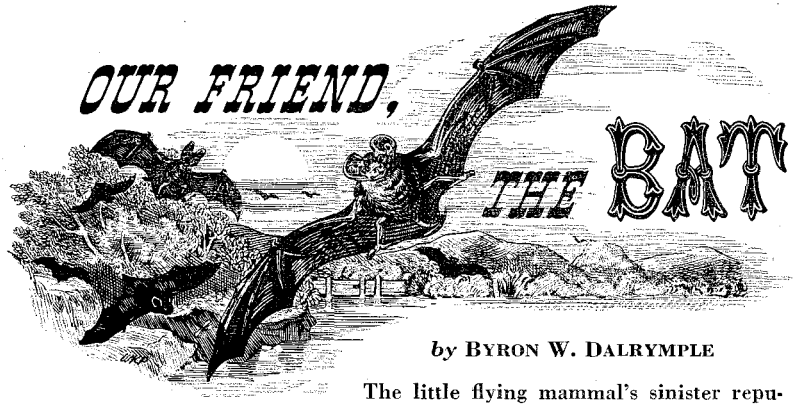

OUR FRIEND, THE BAT

by BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

The little flying mammal's sinister reputation is entirely undeserved; actually, the *maligned creature is a boon to agriculture*

FROM THE BEGINNING of time, popular folklore has played shoddy tricks on the bat. Even in our supposedly enlightened age, only a small part of humanity has accepted this unique, intensely interesting, and beneficial little flying mammal at its face value. Probably no other animal is so well-known—and at the same time so ill-known.

Few people even know, except from grotesque drawings, what a bat really looks like. Those who have seen them in person seldom make close observations while cowering in a corner, or screaming and running away.

Although there are some 2,000 different kinds of bats in the world, only a dozen or so genre inhabit the U. S., and of these, the little brown bat, a diminutive creature weighing less than half an ounce, is perhaps most common.

Have a look at him. He has amazingly soft, fine fur, ears that appear much too large, and a tail that barely lives up to that term. His nose is drastically pugged, which makes him look like a toy bulldog. His elbows and knees don't bend in the usual direction: they bend backward.

Although his hind feet can pass as feet, his front "feet" have their "fingers" formed into ribs of wing membrane. Only the thumb is detached slightly, which helps the bat when he crawls over the ground, or along a wall.

When he sleeps, he hangs himself upside down, latching on with a hind claw. The slightest crack or projection will hold him, and he is an expert at discovering these hanging places. His wings don't look like much when he is hung up, but they are actually fine little implements, fragile as thin rubber, free of hair, and exceedingly adept.

Many bats migrate south during the winter, covering hundreds of miles with ease. Tagged bats have flown as much as 125 miles in a single night.

The bat doesn't like daylight; al-

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though he is capable of seeing in bright light. Crevices, caves, or trees hide him from enemies during the day, and in the evening he unlimbers his wings and goes hunting. If he wants a drink of water, the diminutive demon swoops low over a pool, takes a sip while in flight.

He has a lusty voice, although you might live near him and never hear it. He converses with his own kind in shrill tones, but the other sounds he makes are not for human ears. They are pitched too high.

When you see this tiny mammal flying at twilight, you can often hear his needlelike teeth crack an insect which he grabs in mid-air. But he doesn't always catch his food thusly. He has a tail membrane with which he turns one of the neatest tricks imaginable. He uses it as a net, unfolding it and scooping an insect out of the air as expertly as an entomologist netting a butterfly.

What with the constant exertion of flying for a living, bats require an awesome amount of food, as much as half their weight each night. Considering that large caves often have colonies of bats running into the thousands, and that each night these vast legions sally forth to feed, you can get an idea of how great a boon to agriculture is the bat population. Literally tons of insects disappear every day between dusk and dawn.

A bat that has been resting or sleeping has to warm up his motor before he can fly. Thus, when startled or bothered, he may make several labored take offs before he gets going. But when he does fly out to feed, no matter how far he goes, he always finds his way back.

Researchers have carted members of a colony 100 miles from the home cave, tagged them, set them free, and found them next day hung up again with their buddies. How do they do it? No one knows.

The liking of bats for caves gave rise, during World War II, to an American scheme as demoniac in reality as the personalities of bats are in superstition and folklore. Some expert conceived the idea of making tiny incendiary bombs of the delayed-action type and attaching them to bats, a great number of which would be dropped from planes over Japanese cities. The bats would crawl into cracks and crevices of the flimsy Jap buildings, and presently hundreds of fires would break out. But nothing ever came of the scheme.

SCIENTISTS HAD long been curious about the night flights of bats. How could they fly swiftly, dodging and twisting, and not collide with objects in their paths? Could they see in the dark? It was easily proved that the eyesight of bats is only nominally efficient. Thus, scientists began to wonder about a bat's hearing. And also, about the curious little membrane which stands comically erect on the pug noses of the leaf-nosed bats.

Could this little appliance pick up vibrations from the wings of flying insects, which the bat locates and catches in the air? Also, suppose a bat went flying about, constantly "shouting"—in a pitch too high for the human ear to record—and echoes of these yelps bounced back from stationary objects?

If the bat's ears were sensitive enough to pick up tne echoes, possibly some inner mechanism in-

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stantly computed the distance to the object. Obviously, then, the quick little aviator would be able to switch course and avoid collision.

A few years ago, some researchers strung a room with very fine wires running crisscross in every direction. The room was darkened, and bats turned loose. They seldom so much as bumped a wire.

Next the bats were subjected to blindfolds. This seemed to make little difference. Finally their ears were plugged up. That did it. They blundered into obstacles regularly. Whether from bouncing echoes of high-pitched squeals, or from bouncing air vibrations caused by their wings, it was definitely a bat's ears that made possible his amazing after-dark flights.

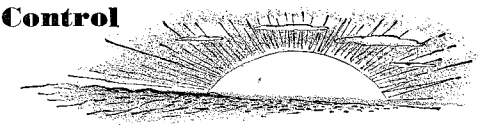
In the known portions of their daily lives, bats are full of contradictions of popular notions. For example, they are popularly supposed to be dirty little creatures. Nothing is farther from the truth. As a whole, they are almost completely free of parasites, and in their daily habits they are doters upon cleanliness.

Then there is the strange process of bat birth and parenthood. Usually there is but one offspring, but sometimes there may be three. When the mother is ready to give birth, she hangs herself up and, as the baby bat emerges, she deftly catches it in the same net she uses for sweeping insects from the air.

Her wings assist in holding it, while she cuts the umbilical cord with her sharp teeth. The baby is then transferred to her breast, where she suckles it, holding it tenderly enfolded in the sheath of her wings.

Come dark, however, and she must fly out to feed. What does she do with the baby? She carries it with her! And when the night flight is over, she goes back to her crevice, hangs herself upside down once more, and holds her youngster with great affection in the comfortable pocket formed by her folded wings.

Out of Control



YOU CAN'T CONTROL the length of your life, but you can control its width and depth.

You can't control the contour of your countenance, but you can control its expression.

You can't control the other fellow's opportunities, but you can grasp your own.

You can't control the weather, but you can control the moral atmosphere which surrounds you.

You can't control hard times or rainy days, but you can bank money now to boost you through both.

Why worry about things you can't control? Get busy controlling things that depend on you. —*Tales of Hoffman*

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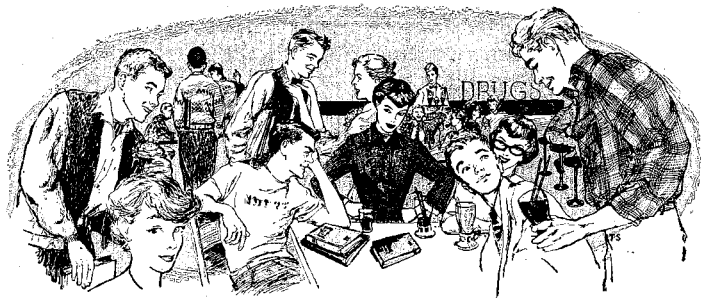
Don't Sell Our Teen-agers Short



by ROBERT STEIN

They're a wonderful generation doing wonderful things in a troubled, uneasy world

IN NINE OUT OF TEN homes, America's teen-agers are waging a "cold war" with fathers, mothers, aunts, uncles—in fact, with practically all the adult members of their community.

Does this mean that our youngsters are a wild, godless lot? Not at all. For, in spite of this conflict with their elders, most of our teen-agers have been proving themselves to be earnest, thoughtful and enterprising young men and women. In cities and towns across the U.S., they are meeting life's serious challenges with courage and determination.

Proof that youth is wide-awake to the hard realities of life is furnished by the fact that, in 40 widely scattered cities, teen-agers are successfully managing more than 1,300 commercial enterprises. Their profits are twofold: cash dividends and a solid knowledge of how American democracy works. Meanwhile, ministers, priests and rabbis have been heartened by the steady upsurge in church attendance of youngsters under 20.

But even more revealing than these facts and figures about teen-agers are their everyday actions. In a small Utah town, Frank and Emma Gardner were stunned recently by a tragic loss. Their 15-year-old daughter, Sally, skipped off to the movies one Saturday afternoon—and was struck and killed by a truck.

The day after the funeral, Sally's friends gathered solemnly. "We've got to help the Gardners," said a 16-year-old girl. "Why don't we pinch-hit for Sally until her family gets used to the idea of being without her?"

After that, the Gardners never found time to brood over their loss. The teen-agers took turns at escorting Sally's ten-year-old brother to the movies. Half a dozen boys

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arranged weekly fishing parties with Frank Gardner, while the girls sewed party dresses under his wife's supervision.

"It was like inheriting a whole new family," Frank explains. "Nothing else could have eased our burden half as much."

Yet, despite such achievements, America's teen-agers have still to reach the peak of their potentialities. And that is why they are waging their "cold war" against parents and relatives. For, in homes all over the U. S., more than 15,000,000 youngsters are struggling to grow into independent young men and women—against the unwitting opposition of their elders. Perplexed by teen-age actions, most parents don't even realize their own part in turning their homes into battlegrounds.

"I can't understand what's come over my son," one successful businessman said not long ago. "We used to be such good pals, always fishing and going to ball games together. But since Billy passed his fourteenth birthday, I can't seem to get near him."

Like people of all ages, teen-agers need the strength they can draw only from family life. But experts like Dr. Douglas A. Thom, director of the Habit Clinic for Child Guidance in Boston, point out that the normal teen-ager also wants to spend more and more time with boys and girls of his own age, less with his family. By *insisting* on being "pals" to their children, parents are forcing the youngsters to rebuff them!

Other authorities on teen-age problems echo this plea to parents: loosen your grip on children as they pass their twelfth or thirteenth birthdays. Teen-agers have to be given a chance to try their wings—to break away and establish themselves as individuals.

Does this mean that teen-agers have suddenly stopped loving their parents? Certainly not. Instead, it is their way of saying: "Please let us work out our own problems. How else will we ever learn to handle them?"

And the problems that face today's teen-agers are more staggering than those which have confronted any previous generation. In normal times, they must come to grips with an array of challenging problems—choosing a lifelong career, understanding the mysteries of love and the growing urges of sex, learning to manage money, making dozens of smaller decisions each day. And now they find all this complicated even further by the full flowering of a scientific civilization and the uncertainty of tomorrow's world.

WHAT CAN THE AVERAGE adult do to break through the "iron curtain" that is suddenly drawn between him and the teen-ager? The solution, according to experts, requires understanding and patience.

The record shows that our youngsters are passing the trials of teen-age with flying colors. To help them make this brilliant showing even better, here is the "Teen-ager's Bill of Rights"—as suggested by leading psychologists, educators and authorities on family life:

1. *Start treating them as young adults.* Nothing hurts teen-agers more than being treated as oversized children. But, surprisingly enough, young-

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sters themselves are the first to admit they shouldn't be allowed to run wild. In a survey of 85,000 high-school students, four of five said that teen-agers should not be given full freedom to come and go as they please.

2. *Give them some privacy.* Children under 12 usually confide in their parents about everything. But teen-agers are actually trying to escape — psychologically — from home. As a result, privacy becomes all-important to them.

One youth counselor explains it this way: "The right to have an outside life away from home is sacred to the teen-ager. He bitterly resents anyone in the family who opens his mail or listens in on his phone conversations. That doesn't mean he has anything 'sinful' to hide. Instead, it is a way of giving him the satisfaction of running at least part of his life without help from parents or relatives."

3. *Help them overcome self-consciousness.* Teen-agers are supersensitive about appearance. To them, skin blemishes, banded teeth, and surplus weight are major tragedies.

For this reason, parents are urged to let teen-agers use a little "camouflage"—lipstick and nail polish for the girls, and those wispy little mustaches that 16-year-old boys wear so proudly. The youth counselors also suggest that a little tactful help, on your part, will go a long way toward improving their grooming.

4. *Put them on a flexible timetable.* According to a study by Prof. Joseph K. Folsom of Vassar College, the chief sore spot between teen-agers and their parents is disagreement about the youngsters' staying out late at night. Unfortunately, too many parents tend to confuse late hours with low morals. Or as one prominent sociologist explains: "It's just as easy for a youngster to go astray before midnight as after."

To avoid disputes, work out a schedule with your teen-agers after discussing their side of the problem. In one survey, 2,000 parents agreed that teen-agers should be home at 10 o'clock on weekdays, 11:30 on Saturday night.

But a 16-year-old girl protests: "If you go to a movie and stop on the way home for ice cream, you just can't make it by 11:30. And if there's a party, the deadline should be even later."

5. *Welcome their friends — don't choose them.* There is no time in a person's life when friends count more than during the teen years, say the experts of the U. S. Children's Bureau.

Yet many parents unthinkingly insist on passing judgment on their youngsters' friends. In a study of 500 adolescent boys and girls at Teachers College, Columbia University, many complained that their fathers and mothers didn't approve of their companions. As a result, some met their friends secretly. Others gave up companions and bitterly resented their parents' interference.

To avoid such problems, make your home a pleasant place for the entertainment of teen-age companions. And by staying in the background, you'll be giving your teen-agers valuable experience in playing host to their friends.

6. *Show confidence in them.* Parents need to recognize that mistakes are

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part of the process of growing up. The president of a large corporation underscores this point from his own experience:

When he was 16, he decided to go into business mimeographing circulars for merchants in his town. Eagerly he invested his $75 savings in a secondhand mimeograph machine. But he soon discovered that merchants didn't want his services. For the next few weeks, he sulked about his failure.

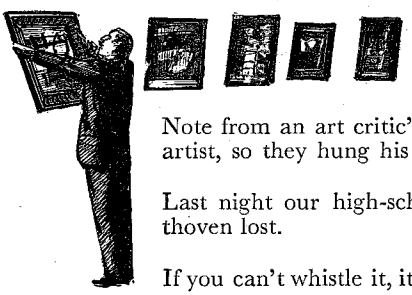
Then one day his father told him the story of *his* first business venture at the age of 15. It, too, had ended in failure. "But I learned a good deal from it," his father said. "I found out that you have to look around carefully before you invest your time and money. The next time, I made a go of it."

Heartened by his father's advice and faith in him, the boy sold the machine at a loss, started looking around for another business, and soon found it.

7. *Help them over rough spots.* In spite of their desire for independence, teen-agers often find themselves helpless. In choosing a career, for example, youngsters often become lost in a maze of misinformation. At such times, you can help by calmly placing all the facts before your teen-ager—and letting him make his own choice.

8. *Set a good example for them.* In the long run, your children are molded much more by what you do than by what you say. No amount of nagging, lecturing, or carping criticism can replace the example of clean living you set for them. If your home is free of bickering, bragging, and malicious gossip, you are giving your teen-agers a priceless gift.

In spite of the viewers-with-alarm, our teen-agers are daily proving themselves equal to the momentous task of managing the atomic world they will soon inherit. After their struggles are over, these young men and women will take their place with the older generation. Meantime, our patience and understanding can go a long way toward preparing them for their crucial role: making this earth a better place to live in—for *their* children.



Capsule Critiques

Note from an art critic's column: "They couldn't find the artist, so they hung his picture." —*Froth*

Last night our high-school band played Beethoven. Beethoven lost. —*As-You-Go-News*

If you can't whistle it, it'll never be popular.—Molly McGee

Today's wolves are those awful things with two legs and eight hands. —Marie Wilson

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MINISTERS Are Human, Too

by **MARGARET BLAIR JOHNSTONE** (*Minister of the Union Congregational Church, Groton, Mass.*)

Your spiritual leader has problems that you ought to know and do something about

"DAD, TELL ME, why are most ministers such 'drips'?"

The fact that "Dad," president of the school board in a progressive upstate New York town, relayed his college daughter's question to me was an interesting challenge.

"How did you answer her?" I asked my educator friend.

"Answer her?" he exploded. "I couldn't." Then, with an apologetic grin, he added: "You see, I've often wondered myself."

Well, since the truth must be known, so have I. And I am a Christian minister!

There are, among America's 140,000 religious leaders, some of us who qualify for the derogatory title of "drip." Many a minister, by his own actions, dooms the whole profession to be an occupation set apart. Yet it is unreasonable to judge all ministers by the pompously self-righteous few.

There are in today's churches, synagogues, and cathedrals an increasing number of physically fit, intellectually keen, and spiritually sensitive pastors. You may have such a one and not know it. Because for every minister who voluntarily places himself upon a pedestal, there are countless congregations who themselves set their minister apart.

Why? Ministers are human, too. They eat; they sleep; they wear clothes; and, to the dismay of many a parsonage committee, they reproduce. And yet, how many a congregation thinks its leader unspiritual when he mentions finance!

Let us take the example of the Rev. Harold Jones, who has served a congregation faithfully. He has no desire to move. His people have no desire to lose him. However, his children, John and Mary, are almost college age. Even though they have part-time campus jobs promised, they must have financial aid.

Harold Jones puts the problem to his trustees: "I have not asked for nor received a raise in salary in

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five years. I have not felt the church could afford it."

"Nor can we now," the trustees sorrowfully assure him, and regretfully face the task of looking around for a new minister.

A farewell party is given the Joneses; a going-away gift is collected; and the church starts hearing new candidates. Three months later, the church is still pastorless. A seminary student, a man not yet ordained, agrees to come as a summer pastor at Jones' salary.

Three months later, the church is again without a minister. Ten months after losing Harold Jones, who had asked that his salary be raised from $2,400 to $2,700 a year, the church calls its new minister. His salary? Though just out of seminary, he asks for and gets $3,200 to start!

The matters of ministerial sleep and clothing present their own particular problems, which usually develop when the pastor seems to be getting too much of one and too little of the other.

"Why, I went to the parsonage this morning at 8 o'clock and they were still in bed," the village insomniac declaims, completely overlooking the middle-of-the-night call, the after-midnight labor on church letter or Sunday bulletins, the wee-small-hours work on sermon preparation—all of which might explain unconventional sleeping hours.

Strangely enough, even the conventional can cause trouble so far as clothing is concerned. A minister in a resort area was eased out of his parish. He was a good pastor, an excellent preacher, an able administrator. Why was he let go? Simply because his wife, like many another young woman in that town, wore slacks in winter and shorts in the summer, and he himself had been seen working around his yard in bathing trunks.

MINISTERS, TOO, are human mentally. In spite of all of the intellectual feats normally expected by the average congregation, no minister ever possesses more than one ordinary human brain. With that brain, the average minister thinks and remembers. With it he also forgets, sometimes with painful but often with blessed results.

One of the most amazing demands placed upon the mind of the minister is the expectation that, upon an instant's notice, he can deliver a speech. Though a master of pulpit power like Harry Emerson Fosdick claims he must spend a solid hour in preparation for each minute in every sermon, the average parishioner expects his minister to simply stand up, open his mouth, and spout. Furthermore, he expects that what his minister spouts will be witty, profound, polished, and pertinent.

Another inhuman expectation placed upon his mind is that he be expert at mental telepathy. The things that people assume a minister "knows" are astounding.

A Chicago pastor drove his family to his mother's home in Colorado for a vacation. The day after he left, a deacon of the church died. It was not until the day after the deacon's funeral (which was ably conducted by the minister's substitute) that the minister received, upon arrival at his mother's home, the news of the death.

Nevertheless, the widow has never

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forgiven that minister for not "knowing" her husband had died, or for not returning for the funeral.

Good news as well as bad is supposed to be telepathized. Every minister at some time in his career is confronted by an irate young couple. "But we've got to have the church at 8 o'clock on June 16th," they argue when he tells them another wedding is already scheduled for that time. "Why, we took it for granted that you would marry us then and all our announcements have been sent out!"

The most impossible mental requirement placed upon the ministerial mind, however, is that of memory. "You don't remember my name, do you?" the typical after-speech or after-sermon heckler challenges the minister. "Fifteen years ago you baptized my sister-in-law's nephew's second cousin. Don't you remember? I was godmother."

How many a minister is unjustly accused of every unsocial act from high-hatting down to actual hostility by casual churchgoers who, save for Aunt Hetty's funeral or Cousin Jim's wedding, have never darkened the door of the church? But it is in the realm of the emotions that the minister is most vulnerably human. In public, it is true, some ministers don't laugh. But ministers desperately need to laugh.

Ministers need fun. They crave real, not just professional, friendship. I know a young minister and his wife who, though doing a good job in an attractive community, are literally starving for friendship. They serve a church which for years had a benevolent though strait-laced elderly minister. Though the community abounds in young couples the same age as the new minister, not once have he and his wife been invited to a dinner, a party, a picnic, or in any way included in any group other than a church-sponsored one.

MOST OF ALL, ministers are spiritually human. They grow disillusioned and discouraged even though they are supposed to be, and usually are, the reservoir from which the whole community draws faith and serenity.

The most necessary and least practiced understanding for the average congregation is the fact that their minister's spiritual power gets spent. How, then, does the spiritual leader spend himself? On what do congregations squander their minister's strength?

A minister took a youth group to the UN Assembly in New York. Altogether he was gone three days. Those three days involved 24-hour-a-day work, as any youth chaperon will testify. When he reached home, there were urgent calls from scores of parishioners. It took that minister two weeks to finish the list. Not once was his trip with the youth group mentioned.

The most appalling waste of spiritual energy, though, is made by those who unconsciously penalize their minister for their own immaturities. Even the most conscientious minister, while doing exactly what his people think he ought to do, suffers such penalizing.

One pastor awakened last Christmas morning with the thought: "With so many sick and shut in this year, how can I selfishly enjoy the day with my family? I ought to spend it calling." He talked it over

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with his wife. Though she was disappointed, she agreed that if he felt he should, he must go.

Before the church hour, that minister made three calls. After church and all through the afternoon, he called, and through the evening hours. By the time he reached home at 9 o'clock, he had made 37 calls. What, save depriving his own family, did he accomplish by those calls?

After two months, he has heard just three reactions:

1. "I hear the pastor spent Christmas day calling. Well, he never called on me. Favoritism, I call it!"

2. "Yes, the minister called on me on Christmas day, but he didn't stay long. I don't like this in-again out-again calling. If he can't stay a decent time, why come at all?"

3. "Did you hear that the preacher spent all day Christmas calling? That's queer, isn't it? Do you suppose something is wrong between him and his wife?"

Nothing is more warping to a minister's spirit than the constant knowledge that no matter how hard he works, he can't please everybody. Nothing uses him up more physically, mentally, emotionally, *and* spiritually than the carping of so many self-called religious people.

Because of you, does your minister ever wonder, "What's the use?" Is your church often on the pastorless list? Are you forever appointing a pulpit-supply committee? If so, the next time you start looking, try this procedure: look first not for a new minister, but a new attitude.

Ministers are human. Treat your next minister as a fellow human. Amazing as it seems, the best insurance policy for keeping the moving van away from your parsonage door is still labeled the golden rule.

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